

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## Impeachment a Reality.

THE old contest between the King and the Commons, the one against the many—the President against the Representatives of the People—has taken a new, and what is likely to prove, so far as the United States are concerned, a final phase. The President has been formally impeached of "high crimes and misdemeanors," and will soon be put on trial before the Senate, in its judicial capacity, as provided in the Constitution. What the result will be it is impossible to predict; but there can be no doubt that the

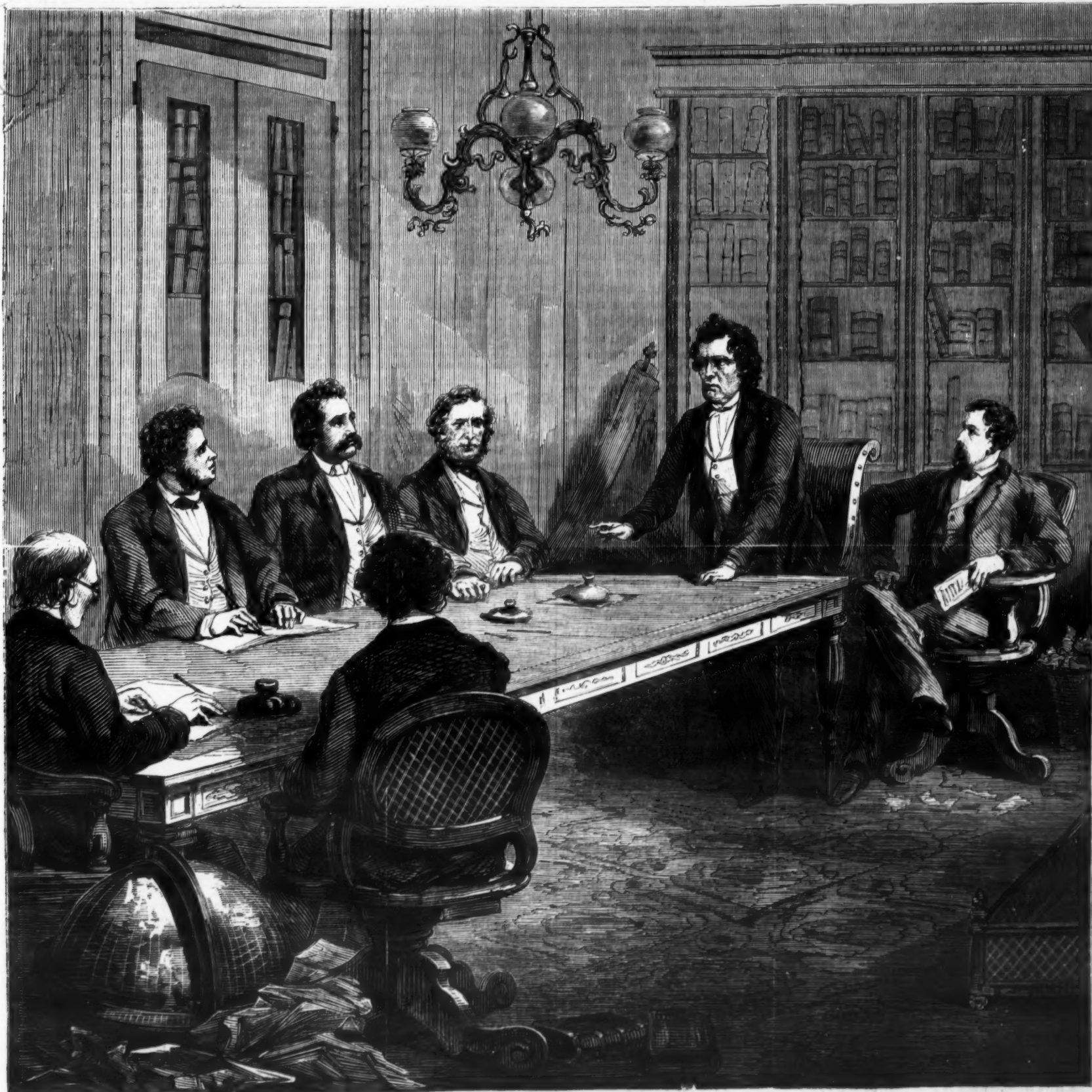
trial will be fairly conducted, and that the decision, whatever it may be, will be rendered in such a way as to command the assent and respect of the country.

The attempts to impeach the President hitherto have failed, not from any lack of conviction in the impeaching power, which is the House of Representatives, that he was deliberately and willfully endeavoring to set aside and nullify the laws, which it is not his right nor prerogative to revise, but because there was no specific act, or acts of his so clearly violative of the Constitution and laws as to sustain an action of impeachment. His as-

sumption of power in proceeding to reorganize the rebel States after his own fashion, with no reference to the co-ordinate branches of Government, an act clearly impeachable, was allowed to pass as one of inadvertence or misconception, and was so far condoned by Congress, the only legitimate power in the premises, that impeachment was hardly regarded as justifiable. Morally he no doubt deserved impeachment for his dereliction of duty in not carrying out in their letter and intent the Reconstruction Laws of Congress, thereby keeping the country in turmoil, and the lately rebel States in disorganization.

He deserved impeachment for his distinct threats, in his last annual Message, to oppose force to the acts of the Congress of the people, in certain eventualities.

But, as we said before, his acts had not been of that clearly overt character necessary to sustain the grave and supreme measure of impeachment—which, if sustained before the court competent to determine it, must result in his deposition from office, and his disqualification for holding any position hereafter, under the government. That overt act he finally committed when he removed, or undertook to remove, the Secretary of War, and to



Wilson, of Iowa. Julian, of Indiana. Logan, of Illinois. Ward, of New York. Bagham, of Ohio. Stevens, of Penn. Boitwell, of Mass., Chairman.  
THE HOUSE COMMITTEE DRAFTING ARTICLES OF IMPEACHMENT, ON THURSDAY, FEB. 27, IN THE COMMITTEE ROOM, HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, D. C.—SEE PAGE 403.



appoint another *ad interim*. Not alone because such action was in violation of the Tenure of Office Law, the validity of which he had himself recognized by acting under it, but because it was taken while the Senate was in session, in violation both of the Constitution and the laws. The President may remove and appoint when the Senate is not in session, but the concurrence of the Senate on reassembling is necessary to make the appointment valid. He can make no officers to act in the unknown "*ad interim*" capacity; for if he could, what is there to prevent him from removing every officer under the Government, and giving all the powers of the nation into the hands of "*ad interim*" creatures of his own, to be wielded at his will?

With all his cunning, the President at last broke the letter, as he had, in a hundred instances, violated the spirit and disregarded the purposes of the laws it was his simple duty to carry out, however much conflicting with his own views of right and expediency. The President is in no sense the judge of the constitutionality of the acts of Congress that have, in due form, become laws. He cannot break them, whether under pretext of testing their constitutionality or otherwise, without laying himself open to impeachment and deposition. His motives, good or bad, cannot enter into the question, or qualify the crime, which consists in this: *That the President, a purely Executive officer, violates the laws which, under the Constitution and his oath, he is bound to obey and enforce.* Taking the responsibility, he must take the consequences.

It is immaterial if the specific law which the President assumes to set aside is one vital or not; for if he can set aside and disregard the most trivial law, he can equally violate the most important.

There is little doubt that Mr. Johnson, in his blindness and rage, long ago contemplated a kind of Napoleonic or Cromwellian *coup d'Etat*, forgetting that he is neither a Cromwell or Napoleon, that this is the 19th century, and that the country is neither England nor France. His threats more or less distinct of something of the kind, the people regarded with slight attention as the utterances of an indiscreet and excitable man, unfortunate in his habits. But the attempts to suborn the army which he has lately made, afford too clear an indication of his sinister purposes. Meade failed him. Grant, branding him with falsehood, refused to be his tool in treason. Sherman, brave, ambitious, and impulsive, recoiled from the remotest association with the meditated crime. Even Emory shrunk from complicity. Only one poor old man was weak enough to lend himself to the President's schemes, and it is no doubt true that he never fully comprehended their scope and object. At least it is charitable to think so.

Whether the distinct evidences of a conspiracy or purpose on the part of the President such as we have indicated shall appear in the process of impeachment, remains to be seen; but in any case, the language and acts of Mr. Johnson have justified the suspicion of a dark and sinister design on his part, in the minds of observing and thinking men.

The first stages in impeachment have passed off, exciting much interest from their novelty, but without seriously disturbing the National equanimity. A few impulsive Governors made themselves absurd by tenders of soldiers to support Congress in the exercise of its indisputable powers, just as if the threats of a few rebel sympathizers, unhung rioters, and blatant bounty-jumpers, still outside the penitentiary, were anything more than "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

The President has been regularly impeached; he will be tried with the same regularity; and if regularly convicted, will vacate the Presidential office and mansion at the same time without riot or revolution. In sixty days thereafter he will have as completely disappeared from public view, and be as completely removed from public interest, as Mr. Pierce or Mr. Fillmore, or even the Ven. Pub. Func. himself.

The most wretchedly comic, not to say sickening parody on what is called "shooting," took place on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor of Austria to him of France last autumn, when all hands went down to the woods of Compiègne and Pierrefort "to shoot." The Court Jenkins has just published his "authentic report." At eleven o'clock on the appointed day, nineteen shooters arrived at the scene of action in a series of *chairs à banc*. The Austrians were dressed in violet velvet, with precious stones for buttons. The nineteen shooters were divided into two parties—the Emperor's party consisting of ten, and the other party of nine individuals. The beaters and loaders amounted in number to two hundred and fifty. The Emperor of Austria was armed with ten muzzle-loaders, which were loaded by six keepers, who came expressly from Vienna for the purpose. The Emperor Napoleon also shot with muzzle-loaders. Shooting commenced at easy eleven, and left off at sharp four. Within this time a total of 3,829 head were massacred, whereof 600 head fell before the Emperor of Austria's, and 402 head before the Emperor Napoleon's guns. Out of the sum total killed, 1,978 were pheasants. Allowing time for lunch and other refreshments, it will be seen that in every sixty seconds rather more than fifteen head of game must have fallen. When it is understood that there is about as much "game" in barn-yard fowls as in pheasants, the "sport" will be better appreciated.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 14, 1868.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

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### Notice.

The public will be gratified to learn, as we are to announce, that the HON. N. P. BANKS will contribute to the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a Series of Original Articles written expressly for this paper. In enrolling this distinguished statesman and soldier among our contributors, we are convinced that the American people will appreciate his efforts in literature as they have his brilliant services in the field and in legislative halls.

### Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper—The Close of Volume XXV.

WITH this number we close Volume XXV. of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. We can look back with satisfaction over the record of our efforts in the field of Illustrated Journalism during the past year, with the pleasant consciousness that the public have liberally responded with their patronage and approbation. Our endeavors to create a popular taste for art in this country have been so highly successful as to afford ample encouragement for the future, and we can safely promise, in view of the abundant resources at our command, that the next Volume will more firmly establish the position of the paper as the best and most popular Illustrated Periodical in this country, and as unsurpassed by any similar publication in the world.

In our recent publication of the beautiful picture of the "FISHERMAN'S PRIDE," we fairly entered into competition with the *London Illustrated News* in a field where it boasted an unapproachable supremacy, and even in that specialty our superiority is acknowledged. But the secret of our success is in the fact that our illustrations are truthful pictures of passing events, presenting from week to week a pictorial record of everything that is interesting to the public. At the same time the literary attractions of our columns are enhanced by the contributions of the most celebrated authors of the day, and open to all classes of society an unobjectionable sphere of entertainment and instruction.

And now, in the thirteenth year of the existence of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, we close one Volume only to open another that shall be a still more acceptable and, we are confident, successful applicant for popular favor. We close the Volume in the midst of great public excitement and anxiety upon questions involving the national welfare; and we are ready to challenge criticism upon this number as a fair evidence of our ability to keep pace with the times, and to picture the events that are of immediate and paramount interest to the public.

### Coercion of Labor.

If there be one thing more repellant to American pride, or offensive to American manhood, than another, it is the presumption of men, who happen to stand in the position of employers, to dictate the opinions and influence the political action of their employes. It is the great glory of our institutions that they give to every man a share and voice in the government, to be used by him to the best of his intelligence, and conscientiously for the general good. The opinions of no man are proper subjects for the revision of another, except through argument, and appeals to reason and patriotism; and whoever resorts to other means, to direct coercion or to intimidation in any form, is a traitor to republican institutions, a disgrace to the name of American, and should meet the indignant rebuke of all good citizens, and especially of the class of men over whom he may attempt to tyrannize.

Generally arrogant, purse-proud, and dictatorial, capitalists who attempt to coerce their employes have decency enough, or sufficient regard for public opinion, to exert their power quietly and privately. But there is occasionally one shameless enough to blazon his abuse of his position, and to tell the working-men in his employ, openly, that they shall have no judgment of their own, that they shall not exercise

their rights as American citizens, which they have crossed the ocean to obtain, or fought to secure, except in obedience to his autocratic will. Such men, happily, are not numerous, and it is the duty of good citizens to put the seal of their reprobation on them when they do appear.

The most barefaced of this class is one John Hecker of this city, a man who, we believe, has hitherto stood in good repute, but who has now put himself beyond public respect, by a printed manifesto, in which he declares that he will employ no man who does not accept his views of public affairs, and who will not act with him in carrying out a certain programme of action. He leaves nothing to his employes, of whom it is said he has several hundred, but blind submission to his will in matters concerning their sense of independence and public duty. He says in effect: "Submit yourselves to me, soul as well as body, or I will turn you out in the streets, in the height of a rigorous winter, to find work elsewhere, or beg or starve. This is the penalty I will visit on you for your presumption in differing on the questions of the day, from me, the immaculate and all-wise John Hecker!"

We quote a single paragraph from the infamous manifesto of this man, to show our readers that we do not arraign and hold him up to public reprobation without reason:

"And I hereby declare that I will retain no man in my employ who will support the fanatical party which is now dominant in our national councils; that I will have no intercourse whatsoever with any man who will not uphold the President of the United States in this fearful juncture; and, in the event of impeachment, I call upon all citizens whose sentiments accord with my own, to make public their views, and unite as a Vigilance Committee in his support, and resolve never to yield until our constitutional rights are secured."

We have no doubt Mr. Hecker is honest in his views of affairs, and he has certainly the right of holding intercourse with such people as may accept the doubtful honor of his association, but he has no right to threaten or punish men, as honest and earnest probably as himself, even if they are workmen, for entertaining different opinions. Tyranny is as offensive in a small tyrant as in a great one, and to be reprobated and repelled in one case as well as in the other.

We are glad that Mr. Hecker has been sternly reproved by one of our leading citizens, distinguished for his philanthropy and public spirit, and for his steady and unselfish devotion to the rights and dignity of labor. We mean Mr. John W. Farmer, who writes to the daily journals as follows:

"I am worth dollars enough to secure my bread and butter for life, but I will give all to sustain the representatives of the people—I mean the Congress of the United States; and I will not discharge any man, or deprive him of his bread and butter, if he happens to differ with me as to how the Government should be conducted, or on any political matter; but I will part with all I have in the world to support life, to perpetuate this, our beloved country—the only country in the world where a man can be a man, if he chooses to be."

### City Railways—A New Method of Laying Them.

THE rails laid down for the city horse-cars in New York are the clumsiest and most inconvenient things of the sort in use in this country.

They not only obstruct general travel by catching the wheels of vehicles in their grooves, making it hard to turn off at a given point, straining axles, and wearing rims and tires, but they are easily clogged with snow and ice, and apt to give the car-wheels the slip at corners and turns generally.

In nearly all other cities a broad flat rail with a single flange on the outside edge is used, and is infinitely better in every respect than the groove rail of this city. But a still better plan, perhaps, has been adopted in Paris, where the American system of city horse-cars has lately been introduced. This plan is to lay two broad and perfectly flat rails level with the pavement for the cars to run upon, with a small, narrow, deeply grooved sunken rail in the centre of the track, as a guide in which a wheel geared under the car—something after the manner of the velocipede—runs and keeps the conveyance steadily on the flat side rails.

This arrangement leaves the street absolutely unobstructed and perfectly smooth and free to every species of vehicular travel. The flat rails, being laid in shallow grooves level with the pavement, offer of course no catch or impediment to the ordinary wheel, while the central guide-rail is so slender and narrowly set that no wheel except that specially designed for the purpose can in any way become entangled in it.

The only apparent objection that can be urged against this plan is the additional expense of a third rail. This, however, is not very great, as the centre rail is light; but even if it was great, the additional convenience, comfort, speed and safety obtained would more than compensate for the outlay. Many of the tracks in this city are in a bad condition, the rails broken and worn to such a degree as to make their replacement a proximate necessity. Why, then, should not some one of these routes, at all events, try the French improvement?

### The Proposed Boat-Race on the Rhine.

SOME time ago an evening paper announced that the project of an international boat-race was again on the carpet. A Boston newspaper has since published an article on the subject, in which it is asserted that certain boating men of Harvard University have challenged the University eight of Oxford to row a match race in neutral water, and that the challenge has been accepted, under two conditions. These are: that the race shall be "straight," and that both boats shall carry coxswains. Our champions have readily acceded to the first condition, but the second gives them pause. They have written another letter, proposing that each crew shall be allowed to decide whether they will take along a coxswain or not.

The idea of a boat-race between English and American undergraduates was conceived last spring. After a great deal of consultation among the boating magnates of Yale and Harvard, a subscription book was opened in Boston. It was then intended that the race should be rowed on the Seine at some time before the close of the Exhibition. But there were lions in the path. There would have been no trouble in obtaining all the money needed, but several of the best oarsmen who have ever left New Haven and Cambridge decided that they could not take places on the crew, and it was ascertained that the American boat could not be entered for the race, except under unfavorable conditions. So the project was reluctantly given up.

That it has been revived does not surprise us in the least. Americans, especially Americans of from eighteen to twenty-five years, do not love to be thwarted, are tenacious of any purpose which they have once entertained, and have a curious dexterity in clearing away obstacles. The race will come off; if not this year, then the next, or the next after. The American crew will, quite likely, be beaten. They will row at a disadvantage. The University races in this country have always been rowed in six-oared shells; this Rhine race is to be rowed in eight-oared shells. Our races have always been to a certain point and back again to the starting-point; in the proposed race there will be no homestretch. Probably, also, our crew will ultimately consent to encumber their boat with a coxswain. Then a great many people think that, making all allowance for the effect of the *omne ignotum propter* principle, the English boys are in better training, excel ours in muscle and oarsmanship, and even under less favorable conditions would be the winners in a match race.

For all that, we say, let the race come off. If our champions are fortunate, so much the better; if they are worsted, the defeat will do them good, by humbling their pride and in other ways; and in any case will give a fresh and needed impulse to boating in this country. It will also bring the English and American Universities nearer together; toning up the feeling of our undergraduates a little nearer to the true University pitch, and fixing the names of Harvard and Yale in the English memory. It is for these reasons that we bestow our invaluable approbation and sympathy upon the young gentlemen who have exerted themselves to make up this race.

### Things of Interest.

THE debt of France under the Empire, that is to say since the accession of Louis Napoleon, has increased by the sum of \$650,000,000.—A new bill "regulating the Press," is before the French Chambers, originating, of course, with the Government. Under it any journal may be fined for publishing any paragraph the Government may choose to prosecute. The lowest fine, with costs, will be \$2,400. Under the present law a daily newspaper having 45,000 circulation is obliged to pay a tax of \$200,000 a year. The *New York Herald*, if published in Paris, would have to pay half a million of dollars a year on its present circulation.—Mr. Sullivan, editor of the *Irish Nation* (Dublin), has been prosecuted by the British Government, for a caricature representing Britannia whipping Fenians. The cut is called "Seditious."—Prince Humbert, heir-apparent of the crown of Italy, it is stated, is to marry his cousin, the Princess Margherita, Duchess of Genoa. The event is fixed for April next, and has been formally announced to the Italian Chambers. The bride is but just sixteen, but "graceful and intelligent"—like all princesses—and the marriage appears to give unqualified satisfaction in Italy. The match appears to have been somewhat hurried by the king, and there is a rumor in Florence, probably quite unfounded, that on its completion Victor Emanuel will abdicate the throne.—Train demands half a million dollars damages from the British Government, for his two days' detention in Cork. He avers that his imprisonment was a serious injury to his credit and financial reputation, and a great pecuniary loss, "some negotiations having already been put into other hands." If two days are worth \$500,000 to Mr. Train, a year is worth \$180,000,000 to Mr. Train, and all the insurance offices in the world would never undertake to insure jointly Mr. Train's invaluable life for what it is really worth. Fifteen years of Mr. Train would more than extinguish the National Debt. The imagination reels before Mr. Train's sublime pecuniary measures of his own importance.—Philadelphia has made a demonstration in favor



of science and literature which is worth recording, the city authorities having unanimously resolved to ask the Legislature of the State to grant an open space of ground, the site of the old water-works, on which to concentrate their leading institutions. Should the grant be obtained, it is proposed to erect suitable buildings for the accommodation of the American Philosophical Society, the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, the Franklin Institute, the Philadelphia Library, the Loganian Library, and the School of Design. This is an ambitious scheme; but if properly carried out, it would tend to promote science, literature, and art.

Hitherto marriages in Mexico have not been considered "respectable" unless performed in the face of the Church, and by a priest, although under the Republic civil contracts of marriage have always been held to be legal. Now the tide seems to be setting the other way, and not only are there more marriages than ever by the civil law, without any ecclesiastical ceremony, but couples who have been married by the Church, and have lived together for years under the sanction of that union, are now being married over again by the civil magistrates, to the great scandal and wrath of the priesthood, who have lately taken great pains to proclaim from their pulpits that marriage by the civil law is contrary to religion and to good morals.—A hundred years ago there were three thousand six hundred Indians in Massachusetts; to-day there are only one thousand six hundred and ten persons, who compose three hundred and seventy-six families. Mr. Earle, the authority on these subjects, says that of all these persons it is safe to announce there is not one of unmixed Indian blood.—Nine thousand five hundred persons, of whom twenty-four thousand were women, were committed to the two state prisons, the twenty jails, the sixteen houses of correction, and one house of industry, in Massachusetts last year. About three thousand nine hundred of this number had been previously imprisoned. Three-fourths of the whole number were of foreign parentage, and more than fifty-six per cent. were born abroad.

A mammoth ridged sea-turtle, seven feet seven inches long, nine feet four inches across, and weighing nearly eight hundred pounds, is on exhibition in Hartford. It was captured by a gentleman off Long Island in September, and is the only one of the kind ever seen in this country. It is a native of the Antarctic Ocean, and it is a matter of wonder how it came to this part of the globe.—Books to the invoiced value of \$880,915 were last year sent from England to the United States.—Kirkc White, the poet, who died of a review, is to have a monument erected to his memory in Nottingham, England, his birth-place.—The loss of property by fire in the United States during the year just closed amounted to \$36,905,000. In 1866 it was over \$66,000,000, and 1865 over \$43,000,000. These two years include an amount of loss by fire very nearly equal to the aggregate destruction of the nine previous years; that is from 1856 to 1864.—Lucien Bonaparte, who is the nominee of the Emperor of the French for a cardinal's hat, with reference to the chair of the Pope, is described as "a pale, dark-browed, silent, Italian priest, believed to be very clerical."—The Pope has issued an order commanding the Roman ladies to cover their necks and cut off their chignons, and so on, when they go to church.

"PAPA'S WISE DOGS" is the title of a pleasant little book just published in London, in which is the following story of "Fan's" humorous ruse to evade punishment for her escapades with "pariah" dogs, that is, dogs of the lowest caste in India, which run wild without any particular master. Papa, attempted to interdict this social intercourse, but Fan had more catholic views, holding a theory of canine liberty, equality, and fraternity, so she continued to consort with the pariah dogs, and to evade her master's wrath by the following stroke of playful humor:

"The grounds belonging to my house were surrounded by a hedge of cactus, or prickly pear, with a curious many-pronged thorn, which it shed all about its neighborhood. Fan used constantly to get these thorns into her feet, and if, when I was out riding, I saw her limping, I dismounted and took out the thorn. She walked with her paw up for me to extract it, and always got a pat and a 'Poor old Fan!' on these occasions. She had also a bad habit of running after pariah dogs, that is to say, dogs without any particular owner, which infest all the villages in India, and being usually very much knocked about, and not kindly used, always expect bad treatment, and are therefore often savage and ill-tempered. 'Are they wise dogs?' 'Yes, I believe all dogs are; and I have known many cases of sagacity among these. For example, they will hunt deer of their own accord in packs, and will purposely drive the deer they have selected to a tank or pond, and as soon as the poor beast has taken the water, a portion of the pack will go round and watch for his landing. But, to return to Fan. To cure her of running after pariah dogs, I used, if she did so when I was riding, to dismount, and give her a cut with my whip; not very hard, you know, but enough to show her she was naughty. One day, Fan set off after a sour-looking pariah. I called, but Miss Fan was too intent on her chase to take any notice for some time. When at last she did stop, I got off my horse and walked up to her, very deliberately, with my hand. As I got near her she lifted up one foot and went very lame, looking up piteously into my face, as if she was in great pain. I thought no more of flogging her, but called out: 'Poor old dog, have you got a thorn in your foot?' But as I stooped to take it out, she friked away from me, and ran off barking and positively laughing with rage at having taken me in, and changed her punishment into a petting."

That Fan did not mean it as a serious deception, but as a pleasant joke, we may infer with some certainty from the following repetition of this ruse. Fan had been with her master in his palanquin, but he had turned her out for a run through a shady part of the journey where there were trees:

"Presently I looked out, and found that we had left the trees and the monkeys, and poor Fan was toiling along in the deep sand, keeping in the shadow of the palanquin, looking very tired, with her tongue hanging out of her mouth. I watched her for a little as she trudged along, when she suddenly saw me, and immediately lifted up her foot, and looking up in a very melancholy manner, became so lame that she could hardly walk. I called out: 'You old fool, Fan!' and

down went the paw, and she raced along, laughing and barking at me. So I took her into the palanquin again, to her great delight."

The cost of the Government of France is \$320,000,000; that of Prussia, or North Germany, is less than half this amount. This fact will tell as well as cannons some of these days, when additional taxes come to be levied on the overtaxed Frenchmen. Men will not spend their last sou in behalf of any dynasty.

In England it is the duty of the Registrar-General to report annually a list of the religious denominations, sects, or societies existing in the country, with such statistics as he can collect concerning them. Below is a list of denominations certified by him:

Apostolics, Armenian New Society, Baptists, Baptized Believers, Believers in Christ, Bible Christians, Bible Defense Association, Brethren Calvinists, Calvinistic Baptists, Catholic and Apostolic Church Christians, Christians who object to be otherwise designated, Christian Believers, Christian Brethren, Christian Elastics, Christian Israelites, Christian Testifiers, Christian Temperance Men, Christian Unionists, Church of Scotland, Church of Christ, Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, Disciples in Christ, Eastern Orthodox, Greek Church, Electics, Episcopalian Dissenters, Evangelical Unionists, Followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, Free Grace Gospel Christians, Free Gospel Church, Free Christians, Free Church, Free Church (Episcopal), Free Church of England, Free Union Church, General Baptist, General Baptist New Connexion, German Lutheran, German Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic, Hallehujah Band, Independents, Independent Religious Reformers, Independent Unionists, Inghamites, Jews, Latter Day Saints, Methodist Episcopal, Modern Methodists, Mormons, New Connexion of Wesleyans, New Jerusalem Church, New Church, Old Baptists, Original Connexion of Wesleyans, Plymouth Brethren, Peculiar People, Presbyterian Church in England, Primitive Methodists, Progressionists, Protestants adhering to the Articles of the Church of England 1 to 18, inclusive, but rejecting order and ritual, Providence, Quakers, Ranters, Reformers, Reformed Presbyterians or Covenanters, Receptive Religionists, Refuge Methodists, Reform Free Church of Wesleyan Methodists, Revivalists, Roman Catholics, Saint Society, Sandanians, Scotch Baptists, Second Advent Brethren, Separatists (Protestant) Seventh Day Baptists, Swedenborgians, Testimony Congregational Church, Trinitarians, Union Baptists, Unitarians, Unitarian Church, United Christian Church, United Free Methodist Church, United Brethren of Moravians, United Presbyterian, Unitarian Baptists, Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, Welsh Free Presbyterians, Wesleyan Methodist Association, Wesleyan Reformers, and Wesleyan Reform Glory Band.

The following beautiful lines were suggested by the picture of "The Fisherman's Pride," which was recently published as a supplement to this paper. The poetry is worthy of the picture, the picture of the poetry. The work of the artist is naturally an inspiration to the poet, as the work of the poet is an inspiration to the artist. It is our privilege to regard these verses as eloquent testimony of the merits of the fine specimen of chromographic printing that we have introduced to the American public.

#### "THE FISHERMAN'S PRIDE."

Here, by the flashing ocean sands,  
A mother with her infant stands—  
A simple group of other lands.  
Rich, glowing tints of rustic wealth  
Flush cheek and brow with racy health.  
In tender eye and rounding breast,  
All the fond mother stands expressed;  
And seems to say, with love divine,  
"We wait you here, O husband mine!"  
Beyond the purple lines of light,  
Soft melting in advancing night,  
She peers, with patient, loving sight,  
While downward wheels, in gorgeous flight,  
The glorious sun.  
But what to her are clouds of gold,  
With burning fringe and amber fold?  
Soft draperies of mist unrolled,  
Reflexed flames stretching far  
Hiding the beams of evening's star?  
She looks for one—  
The fervor of whose loving eye  
She sees reflected in her boy:  
Looks for the boat that 'tward the shore  
Bounds to the strong, impulsive oar.  
O sunset, you are wondrous fair!  
You flood with wealth the arch above  
With amethyst and garnet breast,  
With topaz and pure chrysolite.  
As gleam from throat and breast of dove;  
But what is gold or jewel rare  
To treasure like a mother's love?

Major-General George A. McCall died at his residence near West Chester, Pa., on the 25th ult., in the 66th year of his age. He graduated at West Point in 1822, and served with distinction in the campaigns of Generals Scott and Taylor during the Mexican war. On the breaking out of the rebellion he bid adieu to the privacy to which he had retired, and organized the Pennsylvania Reserves for active field service. He commanded these troops on the Peninsula until taken prisoner during the Seven Days' battle, and after undergoing a cruel confinement in Richmond, he was exchanged, and returned to his farm, where he remained until his death.

The citizens of Nashville, Tenn., are speculating over the cause of a "startling natural phenomenon" which has recently been discovered on some barren hills skirted with the remains of Federal fortifications thrown up during the war. To witness the monster phantoms to the best advantage, parties are directed to ascend the central mound in a direct line from the city, on any clear day, about an hour by sun. When half way up the declivity, they will see other hills, palpable even to grass clumps and little stones, gradually rising in the air beyond the one they are ascending. If they pause, these huge phantoms remain stationary; if they advance, they continue to rise until within a few yards of the intrenchments, when they suddenly vanish into nothingness, like scenes in a dissolving view. How long this strange freak of mist and sunlight has held court near the city it is impossible to say; for, except some superstitious whisperings of negroes, nothing has been definitely known until within a few days. Will not some of our savans give a scientific explanation of this wonder?

#### The Opera and the Reader's Desk.

DURING the past week, the musical public has had the pleasure of receiving two "Normas." The one was La Grange, at the Academy. She appeared on Tuesday last, February 26. The other was Parepa-Rosa—or Parepa, as she is better known—at Pike's New Opera House. Her appearance in the character was upon the Monday preceding.

While we are fully disposed to admit the sweetness of voice and artistic perfection of Madame Parepa's vocal-

ation, we are obliged to recognize the equally artistic perfection, and, in spite of the somewhat hard quality of her voice, the far greater dramatic grandeur of La Grange.

This vocalist is essentially the greatest "Norma" we have ever seen and listened to in this country. We unhesitatingly say "seen," because we think that the operatic stage possesses other requirements besides those of mere vocalization. It demands of a great singer dramatic as well as vocal power. The Anna De La Grange has. Indeed she possesses it so positively, that we have no hesitation in classing her as the finest "Norma" that has ever appeared in the United States.

It is possible that, in her best days, Giulia Grisi may have been her superior. She possessed by nature more physical means for the development of vocal passion. But when she appeared on our shores her voice was well-nigh worn out, and her vocal education was by no means of that thorough class which could enable her to conceal, and in a measure repair, the deficiencies in it, caused by time.

We have said this of La Grange without the slightest intention to disparage Parepa—undoubtedly the first vocalist in the concert-room at present in the States. Suffice it, that at either house, in spite of the weather, which on each night was singularly unpropitious, Bellini's great-st opera drew good paying audiences.

The only novelty we have had given us in the drama, during the same time, was the "Sam" of De Walden, with Chanfrau, at the Broadway. We have said novelty, but we should have said comparatively novelty, as it is now some twenty months in age, and is tolerably well-known. The acquaintance, however, makes a very strong point in its favor.

In the present week, Mrs. Kemble—or, as she was called, when we first remember her, Fanny Kemble—recalls herself to the memory of a New York audience. Her first reading is in the grand play of "Coriolanus"—not, perhaps, superbly classical in its general feeling, but, at any rate, most profoundly and Romanly human.

As a great dramatic reader Mrs. Kemble has for many years been unequalled upon the stage. It would be useless to compare her with others, for she is so immeasurably beyond them. The genius of her nobly dramatic family—Mrs. Siddons, John, Charles and Stephen Kemble—would seem to have descended upon her, and bequeathed her their power. In reading, she is not simply the mere elocutionist. She embodies and portrays the various parts which she reads to her audiences. With what a royal grandeur she speaks—it cannot be called reading—the patrician scorn of the haughty Roman! How grandly she translates the purer, but equally Roman, loftiness of his mother's simple and sublime nature! Indeed, we have never heard anything upon the stage which could in completeness compare with her recitation of the last scene in the tragedy when we last heard it. Sonnets and dresses are unneeded. Her delivery of it translates it to her hearers in the fullness of its lofty poetry. Nor is it alone in the two or three principal characters that Mrs. Kemble develops her male capability of the realization of passion. Throughout the play, in the marking out of each individual, whether it be a citizen of Rome or "Tullius Aufidius," "Menenius Agrippa," or a Tribune, she is equally positive and capable.

As a noble dramatic pleasure, we recommend none to lose the chance of hearing her. Though far from being an aged person, Mrs. Kemble will pardon us for saying that, like ourselves, she is no longer a child. Therefore it is that we bid our readers not to lose the opportunity of hearing her now—remembering how many years have elapsed since she last gave us the opportunity of listening to her.

#### ART GOSSIP.

A MARBLE group of "Eve and Abel," by Mr. J. A. Jackson, is now on exhibition in the Art Gallery of Messrs. Putnam & Son, No. 661 Broadway. The time of the action is just after the death of Abel, over whose lifeless form the mother is bending in an agony of grief and terror. The composition of this group is very fine. Grace and motherly beauty are displayed in every undulation of Eve's form, which seems to throb with life by contrast with the inanimate body that droops rigidly across her knee. From every point of view the group is a revelation of symmetry and refinement, and the treatment of the subject is such as to exclude any idea of the sensational or shocking.

Mr. R. Swain Gifford is engaged on a marine piece of large cabinet size, which promises well, and will probably appear at the spring exhibition of the Academy of Design. The same artist has now in his studio a number of interesting studies from the coast of Massachusetts and elsewhere, combining elements of rock and beach, and sea-beaten pines and junipers. Mr. Gifford occupies a portion of his time in making etchings from these studies—a branch of art in the practice of which he is making very encouraging progress.

In the same "nest" of studios with the artist just mentioned, No. 1,267 Broadway, works Mr. Gilbert Burling, a young artist hitherto best known by his pictures of game birds, painted in oil as well as in water-colors, and exhibited from time to time on the walls of the Academy. Mr. Burling is now engaged on a cabinet picture, the subject of which is "Strawberry Gathering." It is a pleasant, pastoral scene in the June meadows, with a group of gayly-dressed young girls busily occupied in picking the berries. This picture will probably be ready for the Academy exhibition which will open in April. A group of quail gathering in the twilight, after the manner of their kind, is another promising subject which Mr. Burling has upon his easel. In the studio of Mr. Knutze in the same building, there is now to be seen the plaster cast from his model of "Puck" engaged in deadly combat with a frightful specimen of larva, such as one sees occasionally crawling upon leaves in the fall of the year. Mr. Knutze is now at work on a bas-relief in marble of a subject from the "Idylls of the King," and he intends shortly to execute a replica of his "Puck on the Grass-hopper," on a larger scale than the one now to be seen in his studio.

We are informed that during the winter exhibition at the Academy, now just closed, a greater number of sales were effected in the water-color department than in that of the painters in oil. A select number of the water-color pictures has been chosen by the Committee on Exhibition of the Water-Color Society, to form part of a rotary exhibition to be held in several cities during the coming spring and early summer months. The pictures will first be sent to Philadelphia, and thence to Boston.

A large engraving from Mr. C. G. Rosenberg's picture of one Branch Society is now being executed by Mr. W. J. Linton, the celebrated wood-engraver, and will soon be ready for publication.

The House Committee Drafting Articles of Impeachment, on Thursday, February 27th, in the Committee Room, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

On the 24th of February last, the House of Representatives at Washington received: "That a committee of seven be appointed to prepare and report articles of impeachment against Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, with power to send for persons, papers, and records, and to take testimony under oath." The gentlemen appointed to constitute the committee are, George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, chairman; Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania;

John A. Bingham, of Ohio; James F. Wilson, of Iowa; J. A. Logan of Illinois; Hamilton Ward, of New York; and George W. Julian, of Indiana. As these gentlemen are at present entrusted with a mission of great importance to the country, and consequently of great interest to the public, we represent them in the engraving upon our front page, assembled in their Committee-Room, in the act of discussion upon the articles of impeachment to be prepared. The sketch was taken by our special artist in Washington, on the first day of the meeting of the committee, and we are gratified to have had facilities extended to us to give an accurate representation of that scene, so remarkable in the history of the Republic. The members of the committee are all Republicans in principle. The controlling influence in their deliberations will doubtless be exercised by Mr. Stevens, although his infirmities incapacitate him for the discharge of the onerous duties of chairman. The other members are all lawyers by profession, Mr. Logan having, in addition to his reputation as a jurist, the fame of gallant and distinguished soldiery, earned in the Mexican war and the late domestic strife. Messrs. Bingham and Boutwell have both been conspicuous in their Congressional careers, and the committee, as a whole, exhibit a very fair representation of the energy, eloquence and influence of that branch of the National Legislature to which they belong.

#### How a Young Lady Made Love by Chance Without Knowing It.

A YOUNG Parisian, traveling in Germany, took the road from Strasburg to Berlin. In the carriage he selected were four other persons, two mamma and two daughters. The two mothers were face to face in one corner; the young man took the opposite, and found himself face to face with the young ladies. The Parisian put on a distracted and absent air. The collector came to demand the tickets. The young man paid no attention at all when the request was many times repeated. Roused at last from his reverie in presence of the ladies, he had recourse to a ruse, to avoid exciting ridicule.

"What are you saying?" he said. "Why, do you not speak French?"

The collector then explained by signs, the ticket was examined, and the young man returned to his reverie; but not to enjoy it long, for this time the young ladies roused him. They began in full voice:

"This young man is a very handsome one," said one.

"Hush, Bertha!" said the other, in a sort of fright.

"Why, he doesn't know a word of German," said Bertha. "We can talk freely. What do you think of him?"

"Only ordinary," was the reply.

"You are difficult to please. He has a charming figure and genteel air."

"He is too pale, and besides, you know I do not like dark men."

"And you know I prefer dark to fair. We have nothing but fair faces in Germany. It is monotonous and commonplace."

"You forget that you are a blonde."

"Oh, for woman it is different. He has nice mustaches."

"Bertha, if your mother should hear you!"

"She is busy with her talk to your mother; besides, it is no harm to speak of mustaches."

"I prefer the light mustaches of Albert."

"I understand you and Albert are engaged; but I who am without a lover, am free to exercise my opinions, and as free to say that this young man has beautiful eyes."

"They have no expression," returned the other.

"You do not know. I am sure he has much spirit, and it is a pity he does not speak German; he would chat with us."

"Would you marry a Frenchman?"

"Why not, if he looks like this one, and was spirited, well-born, and amiable? But I can hardly keep my laughing. See, he doesn't dream what we are saying."

The young traveler was endowed with a great power of self-control, and he had preserved his absent and inattentive air all the time; and while the dialogue continued he thought what curious results his attempts to avert a laugh by pretending not to know German had brought about. He looked carefully at Bertha, and his resolution was taken. At the next station the collector came again for the tickets, when the young man, with extra elaboration and in excellent German, said:

"Ah, you want my ticket. Very well—let me see: I believe it is in my portmanteau. Oh, yes, here it is!"

The effect was startling. Bertha became nearly senseless, and soon recovered under the polite apologies of the young Frenchman. They were pleased with each other, and in a few weeks Bertha ratified her good opinion of the young man, and gave a practical proof of her willingness to wed a Frenchman.

#### Parisian High Life Below Stairs.

A "MAGNIFICENT" ball took place in the Bal Valentino, in Paris, known as the annual cooks' ball. The aristocracy of the kitchen, and the more beautiful women of the *halls*, together with the youthful knights of the *casserole*, mustered strongly. It is no exaggeration to say that the toilets of the ladies were worthy of the most aristocratic *salons* of Paris, and diamonds and precious stones abounded, leading me to conclude that the culinary art in Paris must be very handsomely remunerated. Some of the more beautiful women of the fish market wore jewelry which must have cost thousands of francs. Quadrilles of honor were formed by the kings and princesses of high life below stairs, who chose for their partners the more renowned female aristocracy of the *mond-cuisinier*. At the commencement of the evening it appeared that a haughty reserve and proud etiquette prevailed throughout the brilliant society; but as the evening advanced and negus and punch were imbibed by the voracious dancers, a more familiar language and an easy attitude possessed both ladies and gentlemen. The cavaliers were dressed precisely in the same white cravat, white gloves, and embroidered shirt sublimity which form the characteristic appearance of other noblemen of another class. It was pleasant to join in the refreshing conversation of the belles of this ball. Instead of the namby-pamby nonsense of other aristocratic circles, it was interesting to hear one's quadrille partner, after the dance was over, indulging in a vigorous abuse of this or that noble family, the phrases being sprinkled with epithets singularly expressive. I came to the conclusion that all classes of society are very much alike, in that all indulge in scandal, detraction, and abuse when they are natural. It was not until twelve o'clock that the carriages of the company blocked up the Rue St. Honoré, and the servants of the guests arrived, and gradually beckoned away the dancing company. The utmost hilarity and good breeding prevailed, nor is it probable that the kitchen staff of any other nation of the world could have contributed so well dressed, so well educated, and so polite a society. It only wanted the presence of the emperor and empress to make this soiree as brilliant as any given at the Court of the Tuilleries.

An English guide who was evidently paid by the word for his information, in answer to a question, from a traveler said:

"That is a story of two halibut hawks in 'el-mets here from a tomb in the habby of St. Helier's, founded by Henry the first Toeder, fort's hundred's height-seven. Their marital remains was haxmured by order of the Eyal Hantiquarian Society sevenin eighty-three; their bodies was found hixmured, and haxwelled in jules."



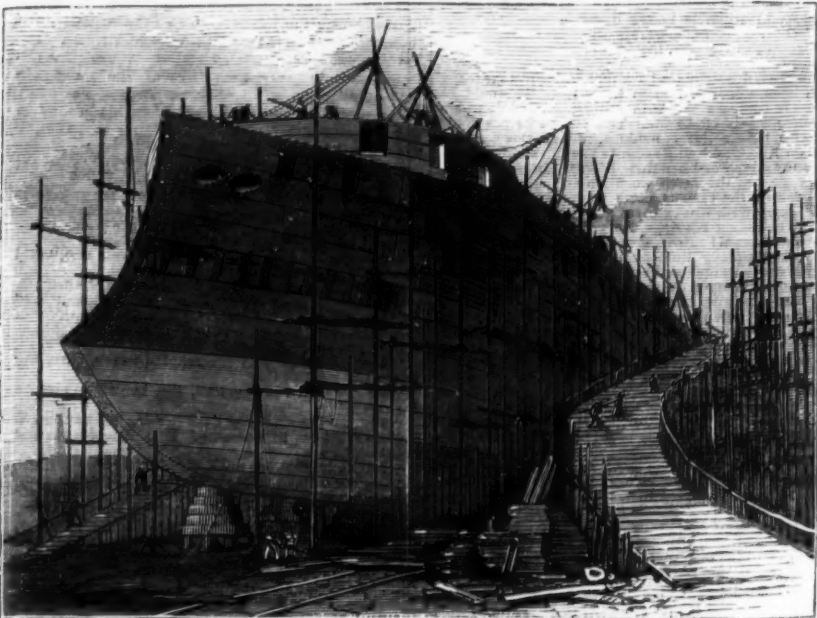
## The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



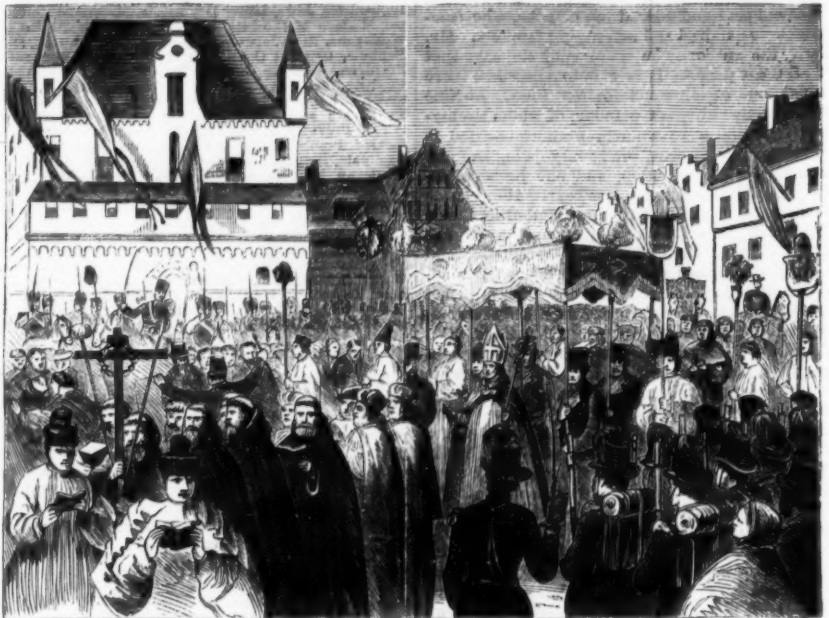
DANCE ON BOARD "H. M. S. ROYAL ALFRED" AT BARBADOS.



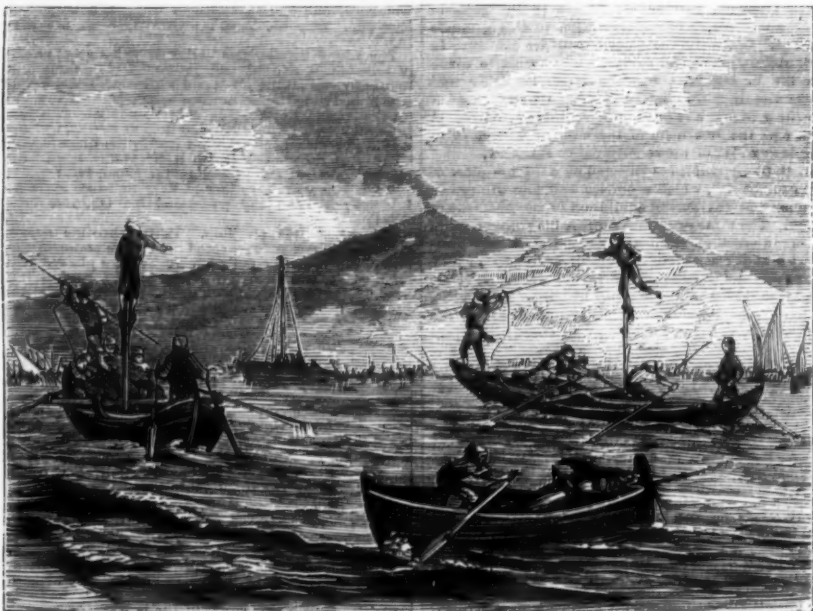
INDOOR CRICKET AT LAMBETH BATHS, ENGLAND.



THE PRUSSIAN IRONCLAD KING WILLIAM, NOW BEING CONSTRUCTED AT THE THAMES IRON WORKS, ENGLAND.



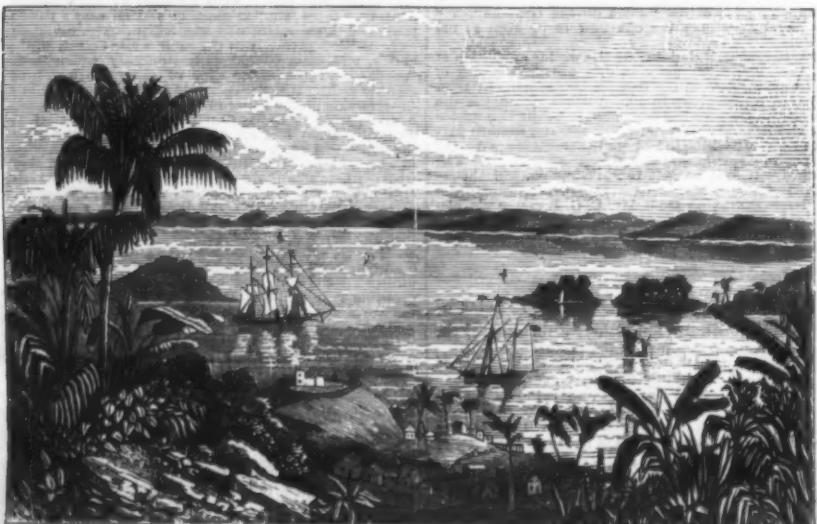
BELGIUM—SOLENN ENTRANCE OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF MALINES INTO THE ARCHIEPISCOPAL CITY, JANUARY 28TH.



HARPOONING SWORD-FISH IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, OFF THE COAST OF SICILY.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE ENGLISH TROOPS ON THE SENAFE ROAD, ABYSSINIA.



THE BAY OF SAMANA, ST. DOMINGO, SUPPOSED TO BE PURCHASED BY THE UNITED STATES.



FRISKING ON THE DANUBE, HUNGARY.





THE CHILD WIFE—"THEIR EYES MET IN A MUTUAL GRANCE, HALF TENDER, HALF REPROACHFUL. THE CARRIAGE, WHIRLING AWAY, PARTED THEM, PERHAPS FOR EVER!"—SEE PAGE 406.

**PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.**  
**Ball on Board H. M. S. Royal Alfred, at Barbadoes.**

On the 3d of January the officers of H. M. S. Royal Alfred, then stationed at Barbadoes, gave a grand entertainment on board their vessel, in response to a ball extended to them by the inhabitants of the island on

the 31st of December. The deck of the frigate was covered in with the colors of every nation, forming a beautiful ceiling, and drooping festoons on each side. Dancing was kept up to a late hour, and now and then some of the tars who watched the mystic movements upon the deck from an elevated position gave vent to favorite songs, which were soon caught up by the whole crew and echoed from every quarter of the vessel.

**The New Prussian Ironclad King William.**

The subject of naval architecture was brought so prominently before the American people during the recent rebellion, and caused such an unusual amount of interest in that branch of mechanics, that a representation of a rival to England's famous ironclad Warrior must be acceptable to the American public. The King William was originally contracted for by the Turkish

Government, which desired to possess a vessel that should be superior in every feature to any ironclad afloat, but in consequence of a delay in payment for the work, the builders sold the vessel to the Prussian Government. This formidable craft is 365 feet in length, 15 feet shorter than the Warrior; but her breadth is 2 feet greater, being 60 feet, while the Warrior's is 58 feet. She is of 6,000 tons burden, draws 20 feet of water, and carries 8-inch armor, with a battery



VIEW AMONG THE ANCIENT RUINS OF MANSICHE, OR GRAND CHIMU, PERU.—SEE PAGE 406.



of 26 300-pounders, all of Krupp's steel, all breech-loaders, and capable, it is said, of being fired with 75-pound charges as often as twice in a minute. The King William will cost about £400,000, but in strength and armament will be a fleet in itself.

#### Harpooning Swordfish in the Mediterranean, off the Coast of Sicily.

The exciting sport represented in our engraving is a favorite occupation of the Italian fishermen, and is carried on with great skill and enthusiasm. The look-out stands upon an upright spar resembling a parrot's perch, or upon a platform overhanging the bow. He examines the surrounding water attentively. When he perceives a long fin cutting the wave with regular movement, or beneath the water sees a violet and silvery body, he cries: "Spada! spada!" and shakes his woolen cap in the direction he wishes to indicate. There are generally two boats in company, and they manoeuvre to bring one on either side of the fish. When within striking distance, the harpooner in the bow lets drive his weapon, and the monster, if pierced, makes off, and is played with as if he were some huge trout at the end of a skillful angler's line; until at last exhausted, he is dragged alongside the boat and hoisted in.

#### The Bay of Samana, St. Domingo, Supposed to Have Been Purchased by the United States Government.

Whether the Bay of Samana has been, or is to be, purchased by the United States Government is still a matter of doubt, so far as the good-natured sovereign people are concerned. Still, in view of the possibility that it may be their property without their knowing it, we give an engraving representing the locality. The bay is an extensive inlet of the sea, forty miles long and twelve broad, at the western extremity of the Island St. Domingo, or Hayti. It is formed by the peninsula, or rather island, of the same name, divided from the mainland by creeks filled with water at high tide. This shelters the bay on the north side, and it affords a safe and capacious anchorage for any number of ships. The price stipulated for this purchase is \$1,000,000 sterling. The transaction has been contemplated ever since the steps taken by some active New York adventurers fifteen years ago. At that date it was proposed to place 4,000 or 5,000 American settlers in the country, the population of which is estimated at only about 200,000, and the obvious intent was to acquire this place, with its valuable coal-mines, which are very important for steam navigation. In order perhaps to stimulate the national feeling on the question, it was represented that France had designs upon the republic; and about the same time, also, a futile attempt was made to raise in London a Dominican loan of £750,000. Subsequently, the temporary re-occupation of San Domingo by Spain and the exigencies of the civil war in America seem to have diverted attention from the subject; but it has since been affirmed and afterward denied that Mr. Seward has completed the bargain. The *Illustrated London News* considers the purchase an accomplished fact, and gives a view of the bay, which we reproduce. The Bay of Samana is a very fine harbor; and the supply of coal for steam purposes is virtually inexhaustible, and so situated that vessels may load alongside of the mines. If the general account of its capabilities be correct, the station will, of course, prove of incalculable importance to the United States for naval and commercial purposes.

#### Indoor Cricket at Lambeth Baths, England.

Cricketers in England have the advantage of baseball players in America. They can bid defiance to bad weather, and can enjoy the sport all the year round. Indoor cricket has been commenced in the largest of the swimming basins of the Lambeth Baths, in Westminster Road, England. The "Surrey Cricketers' Saloon" occupies a space of 120 feet in length by 50 feet in width, so that ample room is afforded for batting and bowling purposes. The foundation of the huge bath is of Portland cement, and, when covered with a very fine sand, affords an excellent bowling surface, which, being free from the irregularities of the turf, never causes the ball to unduly rise or jerk. To guard against accident a stout netting completely separates the players from the audience. Professional bowlers are engaged; bats, balls, pads and gloves are provided, and those who practice express themselves altogether satisfied.

#### Solemn Entry of Archbishop Deschamps into Malines, the Archiepiscopal City of Belgium.

The city of Malines, in Belgium, was, on the 29th of January last, the scene of the ceremony of installation of the most Rev. Deschamps, as archbishop of that diocese. The event, of course, created much excitement in that usually quiet city. Our engraving represents his solemn entry, which, as will be seen, was accompanied by all the pomp and ceremonious detail of an extraordinary theological demonstration. The archbishop, who is a learned ecclesiastic, and high in favor at Rome, will soon, it is said, receive the Cardinal's hat.

#### Headquarters of the English Army, on the Senafe Road, Abyssinia.

Our engraving conveys a correct idea of the paraphernalia and general aspect of a British camp in Abyssinia. There is an Oriental character in the *tout ensemble* of the picture that denotes the peculiar nature of the expedition in the wild domain of the African prince. The mountain scenery is picturesque, and the surroundings suggestive of the toils and difficulties of a desert-march in the land of a barbarous foe. The most formidable weapons of King Theodore's are those that nature wields in his behalf—a climate perilous to Europeans, alternations of oppressive droughts and destructive rains, impracticable mountain roads, and other opposing elements identified with an offensive campaign in a torrid and unhealthy clime, the attributes of which can only be learned by a costly experience of the invading army.

#### A Skating Scene on the Danube, in Hungary.

The Hungarians have noble sport on the frozen bosom of the broad Danube. They have the advantage of their picturesque national costumes to enhance the attractive features of skating, which, under any circumstances, exhibits a picture of exhilaration and excitement. Our engraving represents a scene on the Danube, in which the participants seem to be enjoying themselves in a spirit that the frequenters of fashionable skating-ponds in our own country can fully appreciate.

#### View Among the Ancient Ruins of Mansiohe, or Grand Chimu, Peru.

Mr. E. G. Squier, in his lecture before the Travelers' Club, a few evenings ago, presented many fine illustrations of Ancient Peruvian art and architecture. The Peruvian Empire, the largest and richest of the New World, was made up of a great many families

or nations, some of whom had reached nearly an equal stage of civilization with the Incas themselves. Among them was the powerful republic of Chimu, whose capital was near where now stands the modern city of Trujillo, founded by Pizarro. The Incas were occupied through three reigns in subduing it, and its ruins now occupy over twenty square miles. The picture represents a series of apartments in one of the principal buildings, uncovered by Mr. Squier, with the elaborate and entirely unique stucco ornamentation on their walls.

#### IN FROM SEA.

Long have I watched for my ship to come;  
Out of my window I often lean,  
And out to the horizon's edge I glance,  
And over the water that lies between.  
But never I see my white-winged bark—  
Weary and vain is the watch I keep;  
Has the tempest found a tempting mark,  
Tell me, O wind from the waters deep?

Each morn when the rosy daylight breaks  
Over the east, like a maiden's blush,  
My heart it's longing and grief forsakes,  
And thinks, ere the hills in the sunset flush,  
That up to the harbor my boat will glide,  
Fair as the morning she sailed away;  
But night drops down on the ebbing tide,  
And I vainly question my ship's delay.

The day is dying, a death of fire;  
The west is aflame with a golden glow,  
And the beautiful queen on her funeral pyre  
Has knelt in her crown and her jewels, low.  
Oh, soon on the harbor the night will fall,  
And the stars keep watch while the tide goes out;  
I hear the fishermen's far-off call,  
And then, like an echo, an answering shout.

See! down the harbor a sail gleams white!  
Like a ghostly hand 'gainst the sunset's red,  
And my heart beats fast as it comes in sight,  
As it beats when I think of the faces dead;  
It is coming up to the harbor bar,  
Up to the wharf in the day's last glow;  
My heart makes dumbly a wordless prayer,  
Say? Is it the vessel I used to know?

It drops its anchor in the waters blue;  
And God be praised for His endless grace!  
For the dear old ship that my young life knew  
Came anchor again in its olden place!  
The faces I love on its deck I see,  
Bronzed with the kiss of a tropic sun,  
But my beautiful ship has come back to me,  
And I know that my weary watch is done.

#### THE CHILD WIFE:

##### A Tale of the Two Worlds.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—A REQUEST FOR A QUICK FIGHT.

The first shriek of the gong startled Mr. Swinton from his slumber. Springing out of his couch, he commenced pacing the floor with an unsteady stride. He was in the dress he had worn to the ball, the straw kids excepted.

But he was not thinking either of dress or toilet. His mind was in an agony of excitement that precluded all thoughts about personal appearance. Despite the ringing in his brain, it was clear enough for him to recall the occurrences of the night. Too well did he remember to what he had committed himself.

His apprehensions were of a varied character. Maynard knew him of old; and was perhaps acquainted with his later, and less creditable, history. His character would be made known; and his grand scheme frustrated.

But this was nothing compared with the other matter upon his mind—the stain upon his cheek—that could only be wiped out at the risk of losing his life.

He shivered, as he went staggering around the room. His discomposure was too plain to escape the notice of his wife. In his troubled look she read some terrible tale.

"What is it, Dick?" she asked, laying her hand upon his shoulder. "There's been something unpleasant? Tell me all about it."

There was a touch of tenderness in the tone. Even the scarred heart of the "pretty horse-breaker" had still left in it some vestige of woman's divine nature.

"You've had a quarrel with Maynard?" she continued. "Is that it?"

"Yes!" hoarsely responded the husband. "All sorts of a quarrel."

"How did it arise?"

In speech not very coherent—for the alcoholic tremor was upon him—he answered the question, by giving an account of what had passed—not even concealing his own discreditable conduct in the affair.

There was a time when Richard Swinton would not have so freely confessed himself to Frances Wilder. It had passed, having scarce survived their honeymoon. The close companionship of matrimony, had cured both of the mutual hallucination that had made them man and wife. The romance of an unhalloved love had died out; and along with it what little respect they might have had for one another's character. On his side so effectually, that he had lost respect for himself, and he took but little pains to cover the uneasiness he felt—in the eyes of his wedded wife, almost confessing himself a coward!

It would have been idle for him to attempt concealing it. She had long since discovered this idiosyncrasy in his character—perhaps more than all else causing her to repent the day when she stood beside him at the altar. The tie that bound

her to him now was but that of a common danger, and the necessity of self-preservation.

"You expect him to send you a challenge?" said she, a woman and of course ignorant of the etiquette of the duel.

"No," he replied, correcting her. "That must come from me—as the party insulted. If it had only been otherwise—" he went on muttering to himself. "What a mistake not to pitch into him on the spot! If I'd only done that, the thing might have ended there; or at all events left me a corner to creep out of."

This last was not spoken aloud. The ex-guardsman was not yet so grandly degraded as to make such a humiliating confession to his wife. She might see, but not hear it.

"No chance now," he continued to reflect. "These two fellows present. Besides a score of others, witnesses to all that passed; heard every word; saw the blow given; and the cards exchanged. It will be the talk of the hotel! I must fight, or be forever disgraced!"

Another turn across the room, and an alternative suggested itself. It was fight!

"I might pack up, and clear out of the place," pursued he, giving way to the cowardly suggestion. "What could it matter? No one here knows me as yet; and my face might not be remembered. But my name? They'll get that. He'll be sure to make it known, and the truth will meet me everywhere! To think, too, of the chance I should lose—a fortune! I feel sure I could have made it all right with this girl. The mother on my side already! Half a million of dollars—the whole one in time! Worth a life of plotting to obtain—worth the risk of a life; aye, of one's soul! It's lost if I go; can be won if I only stay! Curse upon my tongue for bringing me into this scrape! Better I'd been born dumb!"

He continued to pace the floor, now endeavoring to fortify his courage to the point of fighting, and now giving way to the cowardly instincts of his nature.

While thus debating with himself, he was startled by a tapping at the door.

"See who it is, Pan!" he said, in a hurried whisper. "Step outside; and whoever it is, don't let them look in!"

Fan, still in her disguise of valet, glided to the door, opened it, and looked out.

"A waiter, I suppose, bringing my boots or shaving water?"

This was Mr. Swinton's reflection. It was a waiter, but not with either of the articles named. Instead, he was the bearer of an epistle.

It was delivered to Fan, who stood in the passage, keeping the door closed behind her. She saw that it was addressed to her husband. It bore no postmark, and appeared but recently written. "Who sent it?" was her inquiry, couched in a careless tone.

"What's that to you, cock-sparrow?" was the rejoinder of the hotel-servant, inclined toward chaffing the servitor of the English gentleman—in his American eyes, tainted with funkyness.

"Oh, nothing!" modestly answered Frank. "If you must know," said the other, apparently mollified, "it's from a gentleman who came by this morning's boat—a big, black fellow, six feet high, with mustaches at least six inches long. I guess your master will know all about him. Anyhow, that's all I know."

Without more words, the waiter handed over the letter, and took himself off to the performance of other duties.

Fan re-entered the room, and handed the epistle to her husband.

"By the morning boat?" said Swinton. "From New York? Of course, there's no other. Who can have come thence, that's got any business with me?"

It just flashed across his mind that acceptances given in England could be transmitted to America. It was only a question of transfer, the drawer becoming endorser. And Richard Swinton knew that there were lawyers of the tribe of Levi, who had transactions in this kind of stamped paper, corresponding with each other across the Atlantic.

Was it one of his London bills forwarded to the American correspondent, ten days before the day of dishonor?

Such was the suspicion that came into his mind while listening to the dialogue outside. And it remained there, till he had torn open the envelope, and commenced reading.

He read as follows:

"Sir—As the friend of Captain Maynard, and referring to what occurred between him and you last night, I address you.

"Circumstances of an important—indeed, peremptory character require his presence elsewhere, necessitating him to leave Newport by the boat which takes departure at eight p.m. Between this and then there are twelve hours of daylight, enough to settle the trifling dispute between you. Captain Maynard appeals to you, as a gentleman, to accept his offer for quick satisfaction. Should you decline it, I, speaking as his friend, and believing myself tolerably well acquainted with the code of honor, shall feel justified in absolving him from any farther action relating to the affair, and shall be prepared to defend him against any aspersions that may arise from it.

"Until 7.30 p.m.—allowing half an hour to reach the boat—your friend will find me in Captain Maynard's room.

"Yours obediently,  
"RUFEST ROSEVELDT,  
"(Count of the Austrian Empire.)"

Twice, without stopping, did Swinton peruse this singular epistle.

Its contents, instead of adding to the excitement of his spirit, seemed to have the effect of tranquillizing it.

Something like a smile of satisfaction stole over his countenance, while engaged in the second reading.

"Fan!" he said, slipping the letter into his pocket, and turning hastily toward his wife, "ring

the bell, and order brandy and soda—some cigars, too. And, hark ye, girl: For your life, don't let the waiter put his nose inside the room, or see into it. Take the tray from him, as he comes to the door. Say to him, besides, that I won't be able to go down to breakfast—that I've been indulging last night, and am so-so this morning. You may add that I'm in bed. All this in a confidential way, so that he may believe it. I have my reasons—good reasons. So have a care, and don't make a mull of it."

Silently obedient, she rang the bell, which was soon answered by a knock at the door.

Instead of calling "Come in!" Fan, standing ready inside the room, stepped out—closing the door after her, and retaining the knob in her hand.

He who answered was the same jocular fellow who had called her a cock-sparrow.

"Some brandy and soda, James. I see, of course. And stay—what else? Oh! Some cigars. You may bring half a dozen. My master," she added, before the waiter could turn away, "don't intend going down to breakfast."

This with a significant smile, that secured James for a parley.

It came off; and before leaving to execute the order, he was made acquainted with the helpless condition of the English gent who occupied No. 123.

In this there was nothing to surprise him. Mr. Swinton was not the only guest under his charge, who on that particular morning required brandy and soda. James rather rejoiced at it; as giving him claim for an increased perquisite.

The drink was brought up, along with the cigars, and taken in as directed; the gentleman's servant giving the waiter no opportunity to gratify curiosity by a sight of his suffering master. Even had the door been left open, and James admitted to the room, he would not have gone out of it one whit the wiser. He could only have told that Frank's master was still abed, his face buried under the bedclothes!

To make sure against surprise, Mr. Swinton had assumed this interesting attitude; and for reasons unknown even to his own valet. On the reboiling of the door, he flung off the coverlet, and once more commenced treading the carpet.

"Was it the same waiter?" he asked; "he that brought the letter?"

"It was—James—you know!"

"So much the better. Out with that oork, Fan! I want something to settle my nerves, and make me fit for a good think!"

While the wire was being twisted from the soda bottle, he took hold of a cigar, bit off the end, lit, and commenced smoking it.

He drank the brandy and soda at a single draught; in ten minutes after ordering another dose, and soon again a third.

Several times he re-read Roseveldt's letter—each time returning it to his pocket, and keeping its contents from Fan.

At intervals he threw himself upon the bed, back downward, the cigar held between his teeth; again to get up and stride around the room with the impatience of a man waiting for some important crisis—doubtful whether it may come.

And thus did Mr. Swinton pass the day, eleven long hours of it, inside his sleeping apartment!

Why this manœuvring, seemingly so eccentric? He alone knew the reason. He had not communicated it to his wife—no more the contents of the lately received letter—leaving her to indulge in conjectures not very flattering to her lord and master.

Six brandies and sodas were ordered, and taken in with the same caution as the first. They were all consumed, and as many cigars smoked by him during the day. Only a plate of soup and a crust for his dinner, the dish that follows a night of dissipation. With Mr. Swinton it was a day of dissipation, that did not end till half-past seven p.m.

At that hour an event occurred that caused a sudden change in his tactics—transforming him from an eccentric to a sane, if not sober, man!

#### CHAPTER XV.—A PARTING GLANCE.

ANY one acquainted with the topography of the Ocean House and its adjuncts, knows that its livery stable lies eastward—approached by a wide way passing round the southern end.

On that same evening, exactly at half-past seven o'clock, a carriage, issuing from the stable-yard, came rolling along toward the hotel. By the absence of livery coat, and the badgeless hat of the driver, the "hack" was proclaimed; while the hour told its errand. The steamer's whistle, heard upon the far-off wharf, was summoning its passengers aboard; and the carriage was on its way to the piazza of the hotel to take up "departures."

Instead of going round to the front, it stopped by the southern end—where there is also a set of steps and a double door of exit.

Two ladies, standing on the balcony above, saw the carriage draw up, but without giving it thought. They were engaged in a conversation more interesting than the sight of an empty hack, or even the speculation, as to who was about to be taken by the boat. The ladies were Julia Girdwood and Cornelia Inskip; the subject of their converse, the "difficulty" that had occurred between Captain Maynard and Mr. Swinton; which having been all day the talk of the hotel, had of course penetrated to their apartment.

Cornelia was sorry it had occurred. And in a way, so also was Julia.

But in another way she was not. Secretly she took credit to herself for being the cause, and for this reason secretly felt gratification. It proved to her, so ran her surmises, that both those men must have had her in their mind as they quarreled over their cups; though she cared less for the thoughts of Swinton than of Maynard.

As yet she was not so interested in either, as to be profoundly anxious about the affair. Julia



Girdwood's was not a heart to be lost, or won, within the hour.

"Do you think they will have a duel?" asked the timid Cornelia, trembling as she put the inquiry.

"Of course they will," responded the more daring Julia. "They cannot well get out of it—that is, Mr. Swinton cannot."

"And suppose one of them should kill the other?"

"And suppose they do—both of them—kill one another? It's no business of ours."

"Oh, Julia! Do you think it is not?"

"I'm sure it isn't. What have we got to do with it? I should be sorry, of course, about them, as about any other foolish gentlemen who see fit to take too much drink. I suppose that's what did it."

She only pretended to suppose this, as also her expressed indifference about the result.

Though not absolutely anxious, she was yet far from indifferent. It was only when she reflected on Maynard's coolness to her at the close of the ball, that she endeavored to feel careless about the consequences.

"Who's going off in this carriage?" she asked, her attention once more drawn to it by the baggage being brought out.

The cousins leaning over the balustrade, looked below. Lettered upon a leathern trunk, that had seen much service, they made out the name "CAPTAIN MAYNARD," and underneath the well-known initials, U. S. A.

Was it possible? Or were they mistaken? The lettering was dim, and at a distance. Surely they were mistaken?

Julia remained with eyes fixed upon the portmanteau. Cornelia ran to her room to fetch a lorgnette. But before she returned with it, the instrument was no longer needed.

Miss Girdwood, still gazing down, saw Captain Maynard descend the steps of the hotel, cross over to the carriage, and take his seat inside it.

There was a man along with him, but she only gave this man a glance. Her eyes were upon the ex-officer of Mexican celebrity, her rescuer from the perils of the sea.

Where was he going? His baggage and the boat-signal answered this question.

And why? For this it was not so easy to shape a response.

Would he look up?

He did; on the instant of taking his seat within the hack.

Their eyes met in a mutual glance, half tender, half reproachful—on both sides interrogatory.

There was no time for either to become satisfied about the thoughts of the other. The carriage whirling away, parted two strange individuals who had come oddly together, and almost as oddly separated—parted them, perhaps for ever!

There was another who witnessed that departure with perhaps as much interest as did Julia Girdwood. Though with less bitterness. To him it was joy: for it is Swinton of whom we speak.

Kneeling at the window of his room, on the fourth story—looking down through the slanted laths of the Venetians—he saw the hack drive up, and with eager eyes watched till it was occupied. He saw also the two ladies below; but at that moment he had no thoughts for them.

It was like removing a millstone from his breast—the relief from some long-endured agony—when Maynard entered the carriage; the last spasm of his pain passing, as the whip cracked and the wheels went whirling away.

Little did he care for that distraught look given by Julia Girdwood; nor did he stay to listen whether it was accompanied by a sigh.

The moment the carriage commenced moving, he sprang to his feet, turned his back upon the window, and called out:

"Fan!"

"Well; what now?" was the response from his pretended servant.

"About this matter with Maynard. It's time for me to call him out. I've been thinking all day, of how I can find a second."

It was a subterfuge not very skillfully conceived—a weak, spasmodic effort against absolute humiliation in the eyes of his wife.

"You've thought of one, have you?" interrogated she, in a tone almost indifferent.

"I have."

"And who, pray?"

"One of the two fellows I scraped acquaintance with yesterday at dinner. I met them again last night. Here's his name—Louis Lucas."

As he said this, he handed her a card.

"What do you want me to do with it?"

"Find out the number of his room. The clerk will tell you, by your showing the card. That's all I want now. Stay! You may ask, also, if he's in."

Without saying a word, she took the card, and departed on her errand. She made no show of alacrity, acting as if she were an automaton.

As soon as she had passed outside, Swinton drew a chair to the table, and, spreading out a sheet of paper, scribbled some lines upon it.

Then hastily folding the sheet, he thrust it inside an envelope, upon which he wrote the superscription:

"Louis Lucas, Esq."

By this time his messenger had returned, and announced the accomplishment of her errand. Mr. Lucas's room was No. 90, and he was "in."

"No. 90. It's below, on the second floor. Find it, Fan; and deliver this note to him. Make sure you give it into his own hands, and wait till he reads it. He will either come himself, or send an answer. If he returns with you, do you remain outside, and don't show yourself till you see him go out again."

For the second time, Fan went forth as a messenger.

"I fancy I've got this crooked job straight," so acknowledged Swinton, as soon as she was out of

hearing. "Even straighter than it was before. Instead of spoiling my game, it's likely to prove the trump card. What a lucky fluke it is! By the way, I wonder where Maynard can be gone, or what's carried him off in such a devil of a hurry? Ha! I think I know now. It must be something about this that's in the New York papers. These German revolutionists, chased out of Europe in '48, who are getting up an expedition to go back? Now I remember, there was a count's name mixed up with the affair. Yes—it was Rosevelt! This must be the man. And Maynard? Going along with them no doubt? He was a rabid Radical in England. That's his game, is it? Ha! ha! Splendid by Jove! Playing right into my hands, as if I had the pulling of the strings! Well, Fan! Have you delivered the note?"

"I have."

"What answer? Is he coming?"

"He is."

"But when?"

"He said directly. I suppose, that's his step in the passage?"

"Slip out then! Quick—quick!"

Without protest, the disguised wife did as directed; though not without some feeling of humiliation at the part she had consented to play.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—A SAFE CHALLENGE.

From the time of the hack's departure, till the moment when the valet was so hastily sent out of the room, Mr. Swinton had been acting as a man in full possession of his senses. The drink taken during the day had but restored his intellect to its usual strength; and with a clear brain he had written the note inviting Mr. Louis Lucas to an interview. He had solicited this interview in his own apartment—accompanying the request with an apology for not going to that of Mr. Lucas. The excuse was that he was "laid up."

All this he could have done in a steady hand, and with choice diction: for Richard Swinton was neither dunce nor ignoramus.

Instead, the note was written in scribble, and with a chaotic confusion of phraseology—apparently the production of one suffering from the "trembles."

In this there was a design; as also, in the behavior of Mr. Swinton, when he heard the footfall of his expected visitor coming along the corridor in the direction of his room. His action was of the most eccentric kind—as much so as any of his movements during the day.

It might have been expected that the *old-devant* habitué of the Horse-Guards, in conformity with past habits, would have made some attempt to arrange his toilet for the reception of a stranger. Instead, he took the opposite course; and while the footsteps of Mr. Lucas were resounding through the gallery, the hands of Mr. Swinton were busy in making himself as unrepresentable as possible.

Whipping off the dress-coat he had worn at the ball, and which in his distraction he had all day carried on his shoulders; flinging the waistcoat after, and then slipping his arms out of the braces; in shirt sleeves and with hair disheveled, he stood to await the incoming of his visitor. His look was that of one just awakened from the slumber of intoxication!

And this character—which had been no counterfeit in the morning—he sustained during the whole time that the stranger remained in his room.

Mr. Lucas had no suspicion that the Englishman was acting. He was himself in just that condition to believe in its reality; feeling, and as he confessed, "seedy as the devil." This was his speech, in return to the salutations of Swinton.

"Yes, ba Jawwe! I suppose yaw de. I feel just the same way. Aw—aw—I must have been asleep for a week!"

"Well, you've missed three meals at least, and I two of them. I was only able to show myself at the supper table."

"Suppaw! Yaw don't mean to say it's so late as that?"

"I do indeed. Supper we call it in this country; though I believe in England it's the hour at which you dine. It's after eight o'clock."

"Ba heavens! This is bad. I wemembaw something that occurred last night. Yaw were with me, were you not?"

"Certainly I was. I gave you my card."

"Yes—yas. I have it. A fellow insulted me—a Mr. Maynard. If I wemembaw awight, he struck me in the face."

"That's true; he did."

"Am I wight too in my recollection that yaw, sir, were so vewy obliging as to say yaw would act for me as—as a friend?"

"Quite right," replied the willing Lucas, delighted with the prospect of obtaining satisfaction for his own little private wrong, and without danger to himself. "Quite right. I'm ready to do as I said, sir."

"Thanks, Mr. Lucas! A world of thanks! And now there's no time left yaw fawther talking. By Jawwe! I've slept so long as to be in danger of having committed myself! Shall I write out the challenge, or would yaw pfer to do it yawself? Yaw know all that passed, and may word it as yaw wish."

"There need be no difficulty about the wording of it," said the chosen second, who, from having acted in like capacity before, was fairly acquainted with the "code." "In your case, the thing's exceedingly simple. This Mr., or Captain Maynard, as he's called, insulted you very grossly. I hear it's the talk of the hotel. You must call upon him to go out, or apologize."

"Aw, sawtively. I shall do that. Wite faw me, and I shall sign."

"Haden't you better write yourself? The challenge should be in your own hand. I am only the bearer of it."

"Twue—twue! Confound this dwink! It makes one obwious of everything. Of cawse I should wite it."

Sitting down before the table, with a hand that showed no trembling, Mr. Swinton wrote:

"Sir—Referring to our interview of last night, I demand from you the satisfaction due to a gentleman, whose honor you have outraged. That satisfaction must be either a meeting, or an ample apology. I leave you to take your choice. My friend, Mr. Louis Lucas, will await your answer. RICHARD SWINTON."

"Will that do, think you?" asked the ex-guardian, handing the sheet to his second.

"The very thing! Short, if not sweet. I like it all the better without the 'obedient servant.' It reads more defiant, and will be more likely to extract the apology. Where am I to take it? You have his card, if I mistake not? Does it tell the number of his room?"

"Twue—twue! I have his cawd. We shall see."

Taking up his coat from the floor, where he had flung it, Swinton flashed out the card. There was no number, only the name.

"No matter!" said the second, clutching at the bit of pasteboard. "Trust me to discover him. I'll be back with his answer, before you've smoked out that cigar."

With this promise, Mr. Lucas left the room.

As Mr. Swinton sat smoking the cigar, and reflecting upon it, there was an expression upon his face, that no man save himself could have interpreted. It was a sardonic smile worthy of Machiavelli.

The cigar was about half burned out, when Mr. Lucas was heard hurrying back along the corridor.

In an instant after he burst into the room, his face showing him to be the bearer of some strange intelligence.

"Well?" inquired Swinton, in a tone of affected coolness. "What says our fellow?"

"What says he! Nothing."

"He has promised to send the answer by a friend, I presume?"

"He has promised me nothing; for the simple reason, that I haven't seen him!"

"Haven't seen him!"

"No—nor ain't likely neither. The coward has 'swartouted.'"

"Swartouted?"

"Yes; G. T. T.—gone to Texas!"

"Ba Jawwe! Mr. Lucas; I don't compwehend yaw!"

"You will, when I tell you: that your antagonist has left Newport. Gone off by the evening boat."

"Honaw bwright, Mr. Lucas?" cried the Englishman, in feigned astonishment. "Shawley you must be jawking?"

"Not in the least, I assure you. The clerk tells me he paid his hotel bill, and was taken off in one of their hacks. Besides, I've seen the driver who took him, and who's just returned. He says that he set Mr. Maynard down, and helped to carry his baggage aboard the boat. There was another man, some foreign-looking fellow, along with him. Be sure, sir, he's gone."

"And left no message, no address, as to where I may find him?"

"Not a word, that I can hear of."

"Ba Gawd!"

#### CHAPTER XVII.—"THE COWARD!"

THE steamer that carried Captain Maynard and his fortunes out of the Narragansett Bay had not rounded Point Judith, before his name in the mouths of many became a scorned word. The gross insult he had put upon the English stranger, had been witnessed by a score of gentlemen, and extensively canvassed by all who had heard of it. Of course there would be a "call out," and some shooting. Nothing less could be expected after such an affront.

It was a surprise, when the discovery came, that the insult had stolen off; for this was the interpretation put upon it.

To many it was a chagrin. Not much was known of Captain Maynard, beyond that public repute, the newspapers had given to his name, in connection with the Mexican war.

This, however, proved him to have carried a commission in the American army; and as it soon became understood, that his adversary was an officer in that of England, it was but natural there should be some national feeling called forth by the affair.

"After all," said they, "Maynard is not an American!"

It was some palliation of his supposed poltroonery, that he had staid all day at the hotel, and that his adversary had not sent the challenge till after he was gone.

But the explanation of this appeared satisfactory enough; and Swinton had not been slow in making it known. Notwithstanding some shame to himself, he had taken pains to give it a thorough circulation; supposing that no one knew aught of the communication he had received from Rosevelt.

And as no one did appear to know of it, the universal verdict was, that the hero of C—, as some of the newspapers pronounced him, had fled from a field, where fighting honors might be less ostentatiously obtained.

There were many, however, who did not attribute his departure to cowardice; and who believed or suspected that there must have been some other motive—though they could not conceive what.

It was altogether an inexplicable affair; and had he left Newport in the morning, instead of the evening, he would have been called by much harder names than those that were being bestowed upon him. His stay at the hotel, for what might be considered a reasonable time, in part protected him from vituperation.

Still had he left the field to Mr. Swinton; who was elevated into a sort of half-hero by his adversary's disgraceful retreat.

The lord *incognito* carried his honors meekly as might be. He was not without apprehension that Maynard might return, or be met again in

some other corner of the world—in either case to call him to account for any triumphant swaggering. Of this he made only a modest display, answering when questioned:

"Confound the fellow! He's given me the slip, and I don't know where to find him! It's a demmed baw!"

The story, as thus told, soon circulated through the hotel, and of course reached that part of it occupied by the Girdwood family. Julia had been among the first who knew of Maynard's departure—having herself been an astonished eye-witness of it.

Mrs. Girdwood, only too glad to hear he had gone, cared but little about the cause. Enough to know, that her daughter was safe from his solicitations.

Far different were the reflections of this daughter. It was only now that she began to feel that secret longing to possess the thing that is not to be obtained. An eagle had stooped at her feet—as she thought, submitting itself to be caressed by her. It was only for a moment. She had withheld her hand; and now the proud bird had soared resolutely away, never more to return to her taming!

She listened to the talk of Maynard's cowardice without giving credence to it. She knew there must be some other cause for that abrupt departure; and she treated the slander with disdainful silence.

For all this, she could not help feeling something like anger toward him, mingled with her own chagrin.

Gone without speaking to her—without any response to that humiliating confession she had made to him before leaving the ball-room! On her knees to him, and not one word of acknowledgment!

Clearly he cared not for her.

The twilight had deepened down as she returned into the balcony, and took her stand there, with eyes bent upon the bay. Silent and alone, she saw the signal-light of the steamer moving like an *ignis fatuus* along the empurpled bosom of the water—at length suddenly disappearing behind the battlements of the Fort.

"He is gone!" she murmured to herself, heaving a deep sigh. "Perhaps never more to be met by me. Oh, my God! I must try to forget him!"

The man who had called forth this impassioned speech was at that moment upon the deck of the steamer, fast cleaving her track toward the ocean. He was standing by the after-guards, looking back upon the lights of Newport, that struggled against the twilight.

His eyes had become fixed on one that glimmered high up on the summit of the hill, and which he knew to proceed from a window, in the southern end of the Ocean House.

He had little thought of the free use that was just then being made of his name in that swarming hive of beauty and fashion—else he might have repented the unceremonious haste of his departure.

Nor was he thinking of that which was carrying him away. His regrets were of a more tender kind: for he had such. Regrets that, even his ardor in the sacred cause of Liberty, did not prevent him from feeling.

Rosevelt, standing by his side, and observing the shadow on his face, easily divined its character.

"Come, Maynard!" said he, in a tone of banter, "I hope you won't blame me for bringing you with me? I see that you've left something behind you!"

"Left something behind me!" returned Maynard, in astonishment, though half conscious of what was meant.

"Of course you have," jocularly rejoined the count. "Where did you ever stay six days without leaving a sweetheart behind you? It's true, you scapegrace!"

"You wrong me, count. I assure you I have none—"

"Well, well," interrupted the revolutionist, "even if you have. Banish the remembrance, and be a man! Let your sword now be your sweetheart. Think of the splendid prospect before you. The moment your foot touches European soil, you are to take command of the whole student army. The Directory have so decided. Fine fellows, I assure you, these German students: true sons of Liberty—à la Schiller, if you like. You may do what you please with them, so long as you lead them against despotism. I only wish I had your opportunity."

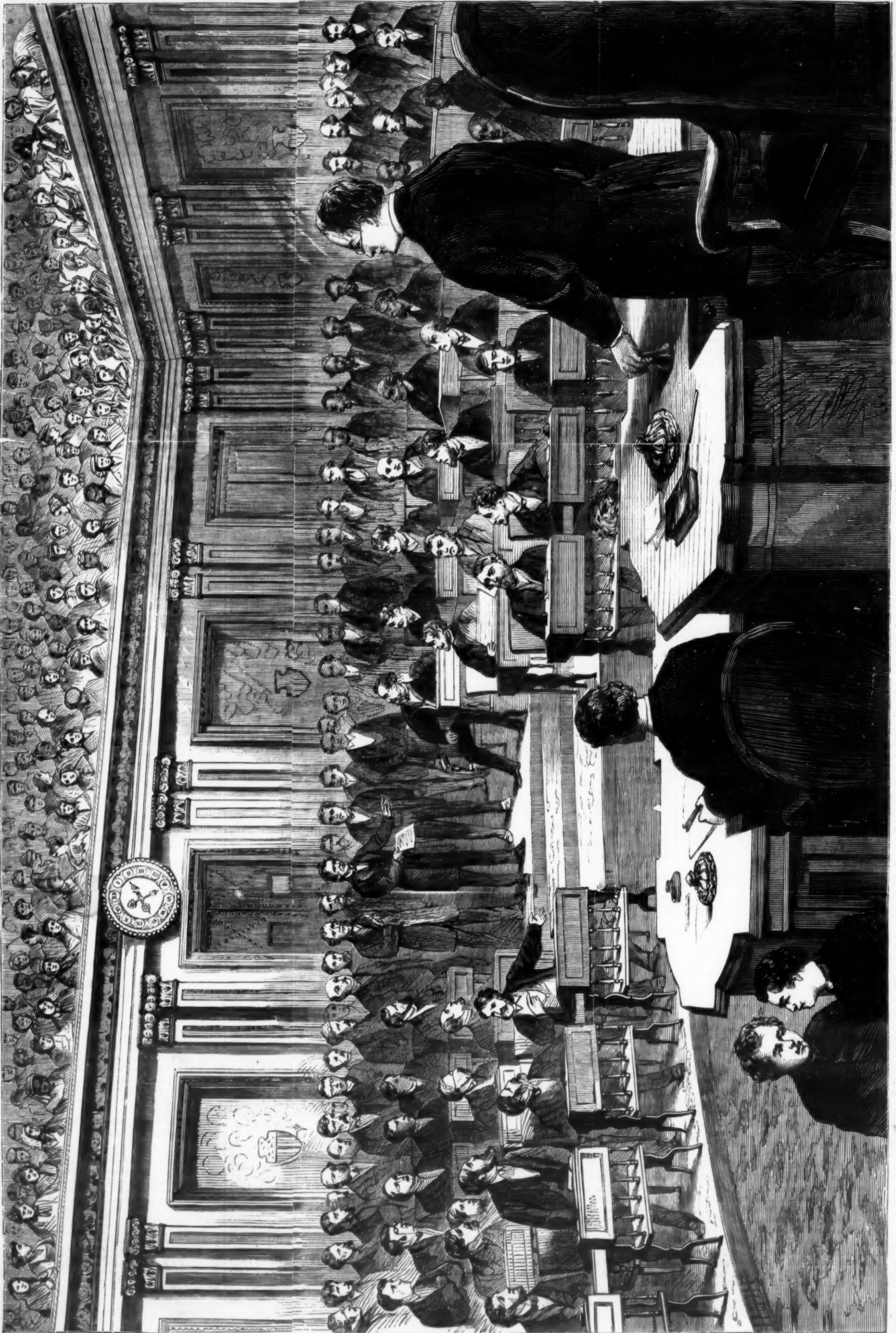
As he listened to these stirring words, Maynard's eyes were gradually turned away from Newport—his thoughts from Julia Girdwood.

"It may be all for the best," reflected he, as he gazed down upon the phosphoric track. "Even could I have won her, which is doubtful, she's not the sort for a wife; and that's what I'm now wanting. Certain, I shall never see her again. Perhaps the old adage will still prove true," he continued, as if the situation had suggested it. "'Good fish in the sea as ever were caught.' Scintillations ahead, yet unseen, brilliant as those we are leaving behind us!"

#### ORIGIN OF THE LADIES' LEAP YEAR PRIVILEGE.

—The legend connected with the saying that "ladies may propose to gentlemen in leap year, and if not accepted, claim a silk gown," is as follows: St. Patrick having "driven the frogs out of the bog," was walking along the shores of Lough Neagh, when he was accosted by St. Bridget in tears, and was told that a mutiny had broken out in the nunnery over which she presided, the ladies claiming the right of "popping the question." St. Patrick said he would concede them that right every seventh year, when St. Bridget threw her arms round his neck, exclaiming, "Arrah, Pádraic! I shan't go back to the girls and such a proposal. Make it one year in four." St. Patrick replied, "Bridget, as usual! embrace me in that way again, an' I'll give ye leap year the longest of the lot." St. Bridget, upon this, proposed to St. Patrick himself, who of course could not marry; so he patched up the Affinity as best he could with a kiss and a silk gown.





FORMAL NOTICE OF THE IMPEACHMENT OF ANDREW JOHNSON, BY THE HOUSE COMMITTEE, THADDEUS STEVENS AND JOHN A. BINGHAM, AT THE BAR OF THE SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C., ON THE 25TH FEB.  
SEE PAGE 410.



THE IMPEACHMENT EXCITEMENT—From Sketches by our Special Artist, Jas. E. Taylor.—SEE PAGE 410.



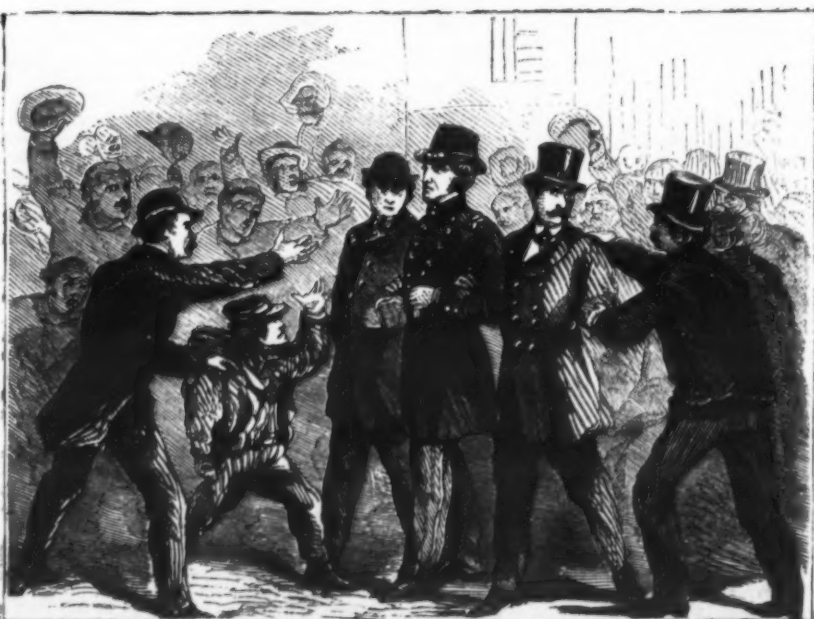
DISCUSSING THE IMPEACHMENT QUESTION AT WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C., ON TUESDAY EVENING, FEB. 25TH.



EXCITING SCENE IN FRONT OF THE OFFICE OF THE BALTIMORE "AMERICAN," FEB. 24TH. READING IMPEACHMENT TELEGRAMS ON THE BULLETIN.



THE GREAT RUSH FOR THE GALLERIES OF THE SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, D. C., ON TUESDAY, 25TH FEBRUARY LAST, TO HEAR THE IMPEACHMENT MESSAGE DELIVERED BY THADDEUS STEVENS AT THE BAR OF THE SENATE



DISCHARGE OF ADJUTANT-GENERAL LORENZO THOMAS FROM CUSTODY, ON WEDNESDAY, FEB. 26TH, BY JUDGE CARTER, OF THE SUPREME COURT, WASHINGTON, D. C.



THADDEUS STEVENS AND JOHN A. BINGHAM PROCEEDING TO THE SENATE CHAMBER, ON THE 25TH FEB, TO ANNOUNCE THE IMPEACHMENT OF ANDREW JOHNSON.



## THE IMPEACHMENT EXCITEMENT.

Formal Notice of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, by the House Committee, Thaddeus Stevens and John A. Bingham, at the Bar of the Senate, Washington, D. C.

Our engraving represents a scene unprecedented in the history of the United States—the Chief Magistrate of the Republic impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors in office, at the bar of the Senate, by the representatives of the people. The 25th of February last will be for ever memorable in its identification with that extraordinary proceeding by which the highest official in the land is arraigned before an august tribunal and the voices of the sovereign States invoked to pronounce upon the issue. On that day, the Senators being all in their seats, in expectation, doubtless, of some unusual event, the Doorkeeper announced: "A message from the House of Representatives." Then there entered through the main portals of the Senate Chamber an infirm old man, pale, ghastly, upheld only by an iron will, leaning on the arm of an associate. These two were Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, and John A. Bingham, of Ohio, the Committee of the House appointed to convey the Message of Impeachment to the Senate. Slowly they proceeded down the central aisle and stood at the bar, while every gaze was centred upon them, and the stillness of breathless expectation possessed the Senators in the hall and the spectators in the galleries. A number of the members of the other House had accompanied the committee and crowded around. Mr. Stevens, relinquishing the arm of his associate, threw his hat upon the floor, handed his cane to the Doorkeeper, drew a roll of manuscript from his pocket, and in sepulchral tones began to read:

MR. PRESIDENT—In obedience to the order of the House of Representatives, we have appeared before you. In the name of the House of Representatives and of all the people of the United States, we do impeach Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, of high crimes and misdemeanors in office; and we further inform the Senate that the House of Representatives will in due time exhibit particular articles of impeachment against him to make good the same; and in their name we demand that the Senate take due order for the appearance of the said Andrew Johnson to answer to the said impeachment.

Having, with extreme effort, thus accomplished his mission, Mr. Stevens, exhausted, tottered and sank into the chair offered him by Senator Doolittle.

We have chosen for our illustration the moment when Mr. Stevens commences to read the announcement of impeachment. It was the moment when the antagonism between Congress and the Executive assumed, at its crisis, a positive and tangible form, and was brought to a direct issue, a moment that has no parallel in our history. With deep anxiety the people await the result, for however much the idea of convulsion and strife may be deprecated, the popular heart must feel that the ship of state is sailing just now on an uncertain sea.

Discussing the Impeachment Question at Willard's Hotel, Washington, D. C., on Tuesday Evening, February 25th.

The great centre of popular discussion at Washington, when anything exciting occurs, is the vestibule of Willard's Hotel. There all sorts of people congregate when the popular pulse beats high, and the popular tongue is seized with one of its periodical impulses to be active in utterance of opinions upon the great questions of the day. On the evening of the 25th of February the excitement at Willard's was intense. The impeachment question furnished abundant employment for the talkers, and they made the best use of the opportunity. The subject was discussed in all its bearings; and a stranger entering the hall, and catching here and there the purport of the words that made up the babel of sounds, would have supposed that nothing less than political convulsion and civil strife could be at hand.

Exciting Scene in Front of the Office of the Baltimore "American," February 24th—Reading the Impeachment Telegrams on the Bulletin.

In all parts of the country the first tidings of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson created an intense excitement. In Baltimore, the anxiety to obtain all the news in regard to the event was particularly great, owing, perhaps, to that city's proximity to the capital. We illustrate the scene in front of the office of the Baltimore American, where an impatient crowd, on the 24th ult., was wedged around the bulletin board, during the most of the day, to catch a glimpse of the latest telegraphic dispatches.

The Great Rush for the Galleries of the Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C., on Tuesday, 25th February last, to Hear the Impeachment Message Delivered at the Bar of the Senate.

When it became known throughout Washington, on the 25th ult., that the impeachment of the President was to be formally announced at the bar of the Senate, the utmost eagerness prevailed to be present at the ceremony. As soon as the doors between the lobbies and the galleries were flung open, an excited crowd poured in, most of them ladies, and took possession of every available space. Our engraving represents the grand rush upon the opening of the doors leading to the Senate galleries.

Discharge of Adjutant-General Lorenzo Thomas, on the 26th ult.

On the morning of the 26th ult., a crowd of intensely excited individuals of every political complexion took possession of the chamber of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, occupying every available position for witnessing the proceedings of the court, in reference to Adjutant-General Thomas, who was arrested on the complaint of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, on the 22d ult. General Thomas came into the room accompanied by his counsel, Richard T. Merrick and Walter S. Cox, with Joseph H. Bradley, Sr., as advisory counsel. A subpoena was issued directing Mr. Stanton to appear in court and bring with him his commission as Secretary of War, and also certain official papers. After disposing of several unimportant cases, Chief-Justice Carter asked if the counsel were ready to proceed with the case of the United States against Adjutant-General Thomas. A desire was manifested to have the case postponed, but the interests involved precluded the step. Mr. Richard T. Merrick, counsel for General Thomas, asked that a writ of *habeas corpus* be issued; to which Mr. Carpenter, counsel for Secretary Stanton, objected, on the grounds that there were no feelings of ill-will existing between the parties, considerations of a public nature alone having actuated the prosecution, and a *habeas* might imply that General Thomas was a criminal prisoner, which he was not. Judge Carter, knowing the personal character of General Thomas, would not hold him in

imprisonment, satisfied that he would appear when called for. The counsel for General Thomas then asked that General Thomas be finally discharged, in which the Court concurred, and the General left the chamber in company with his counsel, and was received with cheers by the crowd that was unable to gain access to the court-room. Since his discharge, General Thomas has made no efforts to gain possession of the War Office, and has visited the department only for private letters.

Thaddeus Stevens and John A. Bingham Proceeding to the Senate Chamber to Announce the Impeachment of Andrew Johnson.

Our engraving represents the House Committee about to enter the Senate Chamber. Mr. Stevens, tottering under the weight of his infirmities, is supported on one side by his associate, Mr. Bingham, and on the other by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House, who accompanied the Committee. The spectacle of that infirm man, physically broken down but mentally strong, devoting his failing strength to the accomplishment of a mission upon which may hang the fate of the republic, has but few parallels in history.

## "My Murderer's Name Is—"

OR, THE WIFE'S REVENGE.  
SECOND PART.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Of all the numerous documents from which we have compiled this true story, but few remain to us now. We have reached the fifth act of our drama, and the end is near at hand.

The great always attracts and draws on the little, and the crisis of this affair of the Rue de la Paix was hastened by the march of the revolution. From the 22nd of February, 1848, the political fever had increased momentarily. Ministry succeeded ministry almost daily. One concession involved another, the reformation succeeded the reformation, and the reformation gave place to the republic. The excitement of the masses communicated itself to individuals, and the fever in the streets invaded every house.

When Julia had somewhat succeeded in composing herself after her humiliating interview with Vibert, she came to a very sudden and energetic determination. Drawing her writing-desk to her side, she penned the following to Savari:

"Do not come to me during the day, but be here at seven precisely this evening. I have made great plans for our future."

This note dispatched, Marietta received the following order:

"Pack our trunks at once; to-morrow we leave for Italy. Now assist me to dress; I must go out."

A carriage was called, and Julia drove to her attorney's and arranged her business affairs. Then she prayed long at the church of Saint Roch, from thence she was driven to the cemetery of Pere-LaChaise. She knelt beside the grave of her dead, and weepingly seemed to implore his pardon.

She made these different pilgrimages with great difficulty, for it was the 23rd of February, and Paris was already in a state of insurrection.

Entire regiments were defiled on the boulevards; strong patrols circulated in the streets; artillery, hastily drawn from Vincennes, were stationed on the quays, and at the gates of Saint-Denis and Saint-Martin. There troops of the line were fraternizing with the people. Here the national guard was endeavoring to interpose between the municipal authorities and the insurrectionists. Ragged urchins shouted, "Reform! Reform!" through the streets. The workmen planted a red flag on a barricade, the students sang the *Marseillaise*, and here and there the sounds of brick firing were heard.

High above all these rumors, these cries and shouts, and songs, sounded the terrible tones of the Tocsin.

No accident happened to Julia in her journeyings; but she was watched over and guarded, at a distance, by one whom she little supposed so near. He even followed her to her own house, and glided up the back stairway as she ascended the front.

It was nearly seven o'clock when she returned home. Marietta, full of anxiety, hastened to meet her, and Savari soon arrived.

"What are your grand plans for our future?" he asked, tenderly. "Has the revolution terrified you, and would you leave Paris?"

"You have divined me. I do not wish longer to remain exposed to danger here. I leave to-morrow."

"Let us go," said Savari.

"You will follow me then?"

"How can you ask?" he cried, kissing her hands.

She looked steadily into his eyes, and read there all the love he bore her; then she said:

"Sit down beside me. I want to talk very seriously with you."

He took his place on the sofa near her.

"I am about to trust in your love, and look to it to redeem whatever wrong I may have done in the past."

"Thanks, thanks, my own," said her lover, passionately. "My whole existence shall be devoted to making you happy. We will go to Italy, and in that land of romance and of song, pressed close to your heart, I shall learn to be all that I should be—worthy of your love and trust."

"I know that I shall be proud of you!" she cried, his enthusiasm communicating itself to her. "We will go directly to my mother's house. I feel that she too will care for you—for the man whose name I shall bear when my widow's weeds are laid aside."

"Then you will marry me?" he exclaimed, in an ecstasy of delight.

"Certainly," she replied. "You can make me your wife with pride," she said, with a bewitching smile. "I have a good social position, and my life has been without reproach."

"Would to heaven, that I could say the same!" cried her lover, mournfully.

Just at this moment the parlor in which they were sitting was brilliantly illuminated. A large body of troops carrying torches were passing through the Rue de Grammont to reach the boulevards. They were preceded and followed by a throng of people singing the *Marseillaise* to the sound of the fife and drum. The procession was in honor of the victory gained by the people during the day over the king. The concessions required had been made, and the ministry had been changed. The barricades were abandoned, the troops returned to their barracks, the city was illuminated, and good-feeling was for the moment restored—for the moment only, for within an hour began the bloody work of the Boulevard des Capucines.

To whichever party one may belong, the lights, the music, the popular excitement, are electrical! They rouse even the most phlegmatic, they give courage to the timid and nerve to the feeble.

Savari, already deeply moved by his interview with Julia, was shaken to the very heart-core, when, after looking out of the window, he resumed his seat beside the woman he adored. He was precisely in that mood when the most cautious man becomes imprudent, yields to his inspiration, and sees life under a new aspect. That which a moment before would have appeared to him monstrous and impossible, now seemed quite natural and simple.

Savari had long been impelled to confide an important secret to Julia. A weight was on his mind, one thought tortured him, one grief poisoned his dearest joy. It appeared to him as if his suffering would be mitigated if he could tell his trouble to some one; if he could open his heart to a friendly spirit. If Julia above all, in whom he trusted freely, would listen to his secret, and would grant him absolution, he would be saved! A thousand times he had intended to tell her all, but had been restrained by some mysterious influence. But now, that she had so unreservedly admitted her love, and given her future into his keeping, he felt that he must confess everything to her. As she was to bear his name, his honor forbade him longer concealment. Who could feel more indulgent to him than Julia? Who better dry his tears, and comfort him with tender words?

The shouts, the songs, the lights, were still in the street as he drew near to her and said:

"I have a secret lying heavily on my heart. May I tell it to you?"

"Certainly," she said, almost carelessly.

"I am worn down with remorse," he cried.

"Remorse?" and Julia looked up at her lover.

"Listen to me," he said, terribly excited. "If you were told that the man whom you love, he to whom you have promised yourself, whose name you will bear, had committed a fault, a crime even, what should you say?"

"I should not believe it!" she said, resolutely.

"If it were true, if in a moment of anger and madness, I had struck a man—"

She grew pale and started back.

"If," said Savari, with strange fatuity, "if this man had died from that blow?"

"Hush! Hush!" she gasped, imploringly.

"No," he replied, "I have begun and I must finish. This secret crushes on my very life. I must receive condemnation or pardon from your lips!"

She endeavored to check him, but could not. He had risen, and a prey to the most violent agitation, paced up and down the room.

"Listen to me," he said; "learn to know me as I am. Calm and self-possessed as I usually appear, there are times when I am hasty and violent in temper. When I cannot control myself. When I am beside myself with passion. I had dined at a restaurant on the boulevard, I was worried and harassed, and I drank more than I should have done. After dinner I called upon a man to whom I owed money, which I could not pay. I wished to see him to ask his indulgence. I found him alone; he had just come home, and was about to retire to bed. He received me ungraciously. I explained my embarrassed position—my need. I treated his indulgence. I told him that exposure 'on change,' with which he threatened me, would be my certain ruin. He replied that this was no affair of his. I begged, I implored him to spare me, but he was insensible to my entreaties. I lost temper then, and told him that I would not survive my humiliation, and that my death would lie at his door. 'There is no fear of your having the courage to kill yourself,' he said, mockingly, 'so I do not hesitate to offer you this dainty weapon!' Mechanically I took the poniard which he handed me. My very brain was on fire. I begged, I prayed my creditor for time, and to spare me from exposure. I reproached him with his mercenary exactions. He replied by taking my notes from the drawer of a table and exclaiming, 'Here, take your paper; I wish to have nothing in common with you again; but I shall reserve the right to brand you publicly as a thief.' A 'thief,' I a 'thief!' I sprang upon him, and he struck me in the face. Mad with rage, I returned his blow with the poniard he had given me. He uttered one groan and fell. I threw down the knife and fled. This is how it happened, I swear to you!"

He stopped, took breath, and continued to pace the floor without glancing at Julia:

"I supposed that I had inflicted a trifling wound," he resumed, "but I had killed him! A few days afterward I was arrested! At first I determined to confess all—no jury could have condemned me. I was unfortunate, but not a criminal. I had committed murder, but without intending to do so! Suddenly I remembered the notes which he had returned to me, and which I had not wished to take, but which he had forced into my pocket. They must have been found in my coat—if I confessed, therefore, they would condemn me as a common, vulgar murderer, who had committed a crime for money. I

then resolved to defend myself, to employ my intellect to deceive the minions of the law and save myself from an ignominious death. They believed in my innocence. I was set at liberty, and just at the time when I felt disposed to take my own life, I met and loved you! Speak, Julia," he continued, not daring to look at her; "speak; you know my crime; can you pardon it?"

Her head buried in her hands, she uttered not a word. Her silence terrified him, he endeavored to raise her head. She drew back with horror. Her face was livid, and two large tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh!" he cried, in a heart-broken voice, "I am more guilty than I believed myself. You refuse to pardon me?"

She rose slowly to her full height, and said in a smothered voice:

"I am the widow of Maurice Vidal!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

SAVARI, pale and bereft almost of reason, mechanically quitted the room where Julia had left him.

He opened the door and descended the stair-case, clinging to the banisters for support.

When he reached the street, he went toward the boulevards, leaning against the houses, and staggering like a man under the influence of liquor. Those terrible words: "I am the widow of Maurice Vidal!" rang constantly in his ears, and he saw them written in characters of fire wherever he turned.

He entered the boulevard, where all was excitement, and was carried unresistingly hither and thither by the crowd, when suddenly a small, thin, pale man seized his arm, and said:

"Albert Savari, in the name of the law, I arrest you!"

Savari turned his eyes upon Count Rubini, recognized him, and said, sadly:

"My dear fellow, I am in no mood for jesting."

"I am not jesting. I arrest you as the murderer of Maurice Vidal!"

Savari was past all astonishment; he did not even start, but contented himself with inquiring:

"Who are you, sir?"

"I am a police official. My name is Vibert."

"Ah, I understand," said Savari, who was beginning to recover his faculties; "you are no more the Count Rubini than she was your cousin."

"Precisely. Now will you follow me without resistance?"

"One moment," said Savari, calmly; "why do you take me for the murderer of Maurice Vidal?"

"Because you have just confessed the crime?"

"To whom?"

"To his widow, of course."

"Ah!" he cried; "and she has already denounced me!"

Nothing can convey an idea of the tone in which he pronounced these words. They were not uttered as a reproach, as a complaint, but were rather wrung from a broken heart. An ordinary police official would have been moved by them. An unsuccessful rival was not touched, and Vibert did not deceive Savari.

"Let us go on," said Vibert.

"I am ready," replied Savari, in a tone of resignation; "what to him was the prison or the scaffold!"

At this moment an immense crowd of people came rushing down the boulevard. It was composed of students, of the national guard, of men in blouses, of women and children, and came from the Faubourg St. Antoine toward the Madeleine, waving red flags and torches, and singing and shouting tumultuously.

Vibert and Savari were so much preoccupied that they paid no attention to what was passing around, and the crowd was upon them, pressing against them and dragging them onward, before they were cognizant even of its approach. Vibert endeavored to resist the current, and was soon thrown back, and separated from his prisoner, while Savari was in front and allowed himself to be drifted forward. As the populace drew near the post, guarded by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, a pistol went off accidentally, and the soldiers, supposing this intended as an act of open hostility by the people, presented their muskets and fired into the mob. Sixty men fell to the ground, and more than thirty of them lay dead. Blood flowed on all sides.

After the first moment of surprise and stupor, the wounded received attention. They were carried into the neighboring houses. Meantime the dead were heaped into a vehicle drawn by a white horse; the funeral procession then moved all over Paris, and the watchword of the mourners was, "Vengeance! vengeance! the people are being murdered!"

Savari, who was among the first in the crowd, received a bullet full in the chest, and was mortally wounded. Borne under a carriage-way of the boulevard, he made signs to those who surrounded him to bend over him as he had something to say.

"Carry me to the Rue de Grammont," he urged, piteously. "I must see some one there before I die!"

Two men of the people, rough and untaught perhaps, but with tender hearts, yielded to his entreaties, improvised a litter, and bore him onward. A child followed, bearing in his hand a torch, which lighted up the bleeding bosom of Savari and his handsome face, on which the death-dews were settling fast. Every one made way for them, the women weeping, the men crying, "To arms!"

When they had reached a certain house in the Rue de Grammont, the wounded man motioned for them to stop. The *concierge* opened the door, and they ascended to the third story, ringing the bell vehemently.

There was no answer. The apartment was deserted. Julia, almost bereft of reason, had fled with Marietta half an hour before.

Savari, who was unwilling to be removed, after a brief agony, expired at the door of the apart-



ment of the woman he loved, breathing her name with his last sigh, and dying in the belief that she had betrayed him.

## CHAPTER XX.

POPULAR excitement and fury had risen to so high a pitch, that it extended even within the prison walls. The jailors relaxed their vigilance, and trembled for their own safety. The soldiers, who in case of need, were usually at their command, were now on duty in the barracks. The prisoners were ready to break their chains, scale the prison walls and murder any one who attempted to restrain them.

The people were battling for their liberty outside the walls, and they, too, claimed the right of freedom.

On Thursday, the 24th of February, when the insurrection was at its height, Langlade sprang upon his jailor, smothered his cries, threw his hat and cloak around him, and armed with a huge bunch of keys, made his way into the street without impediment, as the officials were too much absorbed with the fighting which was then taking place on the quays to notice his escape.

Langlade mixed with the crowd, first fighting on the side of the people, and then on that of the troops. He entered the Tuilleries, mutilated the throne, drank from the king's own cellar, and stained with dirt and blood, half intoxicated, a loaded pistol in his hand, and a sabre slung to his waist by a red cord, he hastened to the residence of Setting-Sun to finish the evening.

He did not wait to ring or be announced, but forced the outer door of his wife's abode with a klock, and entered the drawing-room. But hearing her voice in an inner chamber, he burst into her presence in the same unceremonious manner. Setting-Sun was lounging on the sofa, while her English lover sat beside her, smoking a cigarette.

When she saw her husband, she uttered a cry of terror.

"Who are you?" asked the Englishman.

By way of reply, Langlade seized him in his arms, carried him through the parlor and tossed him down the stairs. Then he re-entered the room and bolted the door.

"What would you do?" cried Setting-Sun, who was so paralyzed by terror that she had lost the power of movement.

"You will learn by-and-by."

"Would you murder me?"

"Not yet! It is time for you to retire for the night; pray do not let me disturb your doing so."

Next morning, a little before seven o'clock, Langlade, who had not closed his eyes during the night, opened the window curtains, and daylight burst into the room.

Setting-Sun, after the terrors of the night, had just fallen into an uneasy slumber. Langlade bent over and gazed long upon her glowing hair, and her dazzling white neck and arms.

Then he awakened her.

"Pray, let me sleep," said Setting-Sun, rubbing her eyes.

"You will sleep soundly enough by-and-by!" These words banished all thoughts of sleep.

She sat upright in bed and cried:

"What would you do?"

"Keep my oath and kill you, of course!"

"Mercy, mercy!" she screamed, casting her arms about him.

But Langlade repulsed her, and said:

"You must die!"

"You are free now," she urged; "take me with you. We will be all in all to each other."

"It cannot be; you do not love me!"

"I do, I do!"

"Hush, woman, you lie!"

"I love you, I tell you. I do not lie!"

"No woman betrays the one she loves; she does not try to swear away his life. Come, prepare to die!"

"Oh, no, no! Mercy, mercy!" she cried despairingly.

"If you have faith in God, pray to Him now, for when that clock—a present, doubtless, from your rich lover—strikes the hour of seven, you will have ceased to live!"

She sprang from the bed, she flung herself at the feet of the convict; she clung to his knees; she kissed his hands; she prayed and wept; but he was inflexible, and contented himself with saying:

"Remember our last meeting in the prison!"

Seven o'clock struck. He opened wide the window, and seized his wife in his arms.

With one hand he pinioned her hands, and with the other he raised her high in air, and flung her from that window into the street below.

Then he leaned out, marked the spot where she had fallen, mounted the sill of the window, and precipitated himself beside her. The fall did not instantly kill him, and the witnesses of this terrible scene saw him drag himself on his bleeding hands and knees to the side of his wife, and when he breathed his last sigh, she was still clasped in his broken, lacerated arms.

THERE still exists at Genoa a charitable establishment which bears a charming name, "*Albergo dei Poveri*." The Inn of the Poor. You will observe that it is called an inn, and not a hospital, which signifies that to gain admission to its walls it is not necessary to be ill or wounded.

To have rights within, it suffices that one be too old, too young, or too feeble to work. The old are retained until their death, the young up to maturity, and the feeble until kindly care has restored their strength. The Inn of the Poor numbers over two thousand pensioners, the most part of whom are attended by women.

Julia Vidal retired to this institution and still remains in it. Her life, her fortune, and her best energies are devoted to the care of the unfortunate who seek an asylum beneath its hospitable

roof, and Marietta, who has never left her, assists in her noble work.

A MADMAN died five years ago in the establishment of Doctor Blanche. He was the richest pensioner among the lunatics, for he had inherited from the Marquis X—, a peer of France, an income of a hundred thousand francs a year.

He was usually quiet and gentle, and had but one mania, that of constantly listening at keyholes. He would glide along the hall, crouch down in some corner and sit for hours attempting to look through a door.

There were times, however, when his madness took a more troublesome form, and it became necessary to use the straight-jacket. But this crisis was always announced beforehand by a strange indication; the madman complained that his lips were burning, and screamed for water to refresh them, and rubbed his fingers every moment over his mouth as if to efface all traces of a kiss.

MIRIAM F. SQUIER.

THE END.

## A MOTHER'S TREASURES.

SHE took them out of the casket old,  
Of perfumed wood, and clasp of gold,

With aching heart, and fingers slow,  
That only a mother's love can know;

A broken toy, a wreath of flowers,  
Gathered in childhood's happy hours.

A golden star, a scrap of shell,  
Brought from the field where a hero fell.

A clustering curl of sunny hair,  
Cut from a forehead white and fair.

The fair form lies where fields were won,  
And heroes sleep—their warfare done.

A shred of lace, a tiny shoe,  
Daintily tied with ribbons blue.

The little feet lie still and cold  
Under the green of the churchyard mold.

Each has some tale of joy or pain,  
That brings the dead years back again.

And all have memories that lie  
Enshrined in hearts, too deep to die.

## The Rack in the Nineteenth Century.

I AM a plain man, who hates nonsense. For a man who weighs only a few ounces over nineteen stone it is hard to be told by vulgar people, who are intimate enough to take liberties and think they can make jokes, that he must find a way of throwing out some of his ballast.

My friend Bumpus tells me that I must dispose of a few pounds of the adipose tissue which I pack under my waistcoat, lace my stays a little tighter, and call upon Mr. Banting.

I say nothing in return. It has been well observed that a man's ability is best found out by noticing what he might have said, and could have said, but didn't say. I have heard how many witty things great men, who also are discreet, abstain from saying; and my friends have never missed a chance that came to hand of telling me that I am a great man.

"Bobb," says my friend Bumpus, who has taken out his freedom of the courtesies because our shops were in the same street, and we left business within two years of one another—"Bobb, you're too fat. You eat too much; you take too little exercise. I see by your gasping at this moment that you'll die of fatty heart, if you don't mind yourself. Fat, don't you know, if you get too much of it, collects about the cockles of the heart, and hinders them from opening their shells—smothers them, in fact. Bobb! you are a mass of cockles; and one of these days you will be smothered."

"Bumpus," I said, "you are unfeeling."  
"It's what you'll wish you were. But come, old fellow, I'll give you a chance for twenty years more of life. You won't leave off feeding on potatoes; you will eat bread, and drink beer. Very well, then; eat 'em, and work 'em into muscle. If you want to save your cockles, fall to at your muscles."

I believe, upon my honor, that he meant this for a joke.  
"A lean new year to you," says he, "and more lean years than Pharaoh had. Here, Bobb, my boy, I'd be sorry to lose a good neighbor so soon as you seem to be going, and so I shall take the liberty of giving you a Christmas-box."

I had been giving Christmas-boxes all the morning; for it actually was Boxing-day, and this was the only time a similar compliment had been offered to myself. As the compliment represented a rather handsome-looking book, I took it, and said:

"Thank you, Bumpus."

Then I looked at the back, and saw it was a Handbook of Gymnastics and Athletics.

"Now," says he, "Bobb, just make a point of doing regularly, every morning for a few months, some of the exercises set you in this book. I walk, I do; and you'll find my coach-house and stable-yard, just over the way there, fitted up as it ought to be, with help to stretch your limbs instead of help to do without 'em. There's a Rack there, and a Knotted Rope, and a Hanging Plank; besides a Buck, and a Vaulting Horse, and a Climbing Wall, and all that sort of a thing, in the yard. The book's a capital one, though taken from a popular German Turnbook, and perhaps a little too much on the German turn system for your English lazy bones. Look into it after din-

ner, and come over to me, if you like, every morning, say, at ten. I keep a Director of Exercises instead of a Coachman."

So Bumpus went away, and left the book. And the first Turn it gave me was when first I opened it, and saw it full of awful pictures of men hanging by their legs, like weathercocks from poles, and twisted this way and that, as if suffering all the tortures of the Inquisition. The first bit of reading my eyes lighted on was part of a long chapter on the Rack, which said:

"We divide the exercises at the Rack into six great groups, viz: 1st. Exercises hanging by the upper extremities; 2nd. Exercises hanging by upper and lower extremities; 3rd. Exercises hanging by the lower extremities only."

That day I read no more. The bare notion of being exercised on the Rack while hung head downward, like the prize hog with a rosette in its back at the butcher's shop-door, very nearly took my legs from under me. Next day, as I had nothing else to do, when I had done my newspaper, I resumed Bumpus's book; and as I felt unsteadiness of the legs coming on when I opened it and looked at the pictures, I took four glasses of port wine, according to the saying—one for health, two for cheer, three for my friend, four for my enemy. That enemy is Bumpus, as will presently be made more clear.

Four glasses of port just supplied me with courage enough to read, and I saw:

That this was a book on Gymnastic Exercises, by E. G. Ravenstein, F. R. G. S., &c., President of the German Gymnastic Society, London; and John Hulley, Gymnasiarch, of Liverpool.

That these gentlemen had endeavored to explain the different exercises as clearly as possible, and without doing violence to the English tongue.

That they had drawn much upon a Turn-book, by Mr. A. Ravenstein, of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine.

That Gymnasiarchs were much honored in Ancient Greece.

That the Romans were less refined gymnasts. This his Majesty, King Teutoback, of the Teutons, vaulted over six horses standing side by side.

That in eighteen hundred and eleven, when the modern Teutons were bowed down under the yoke of a foreign oppressor, the great Jahn, whose aim was to regenerate the people and make them strong enough to break, or agile enough to jump out of the said yoke, opened the first gymnasium near Berlin.

I am myself a Briton, and a single man, under the yoke of no oppressor, foreign or domestic; so I don't want to be taught how to get out of that sort of thing. But I went on to read how Jahn's efforts were successful, and Gymnasiums multiplied in Germany, "until the friends of darkness interposed," and in eighteen hundred and eighteen the Gymnasiums were shut up by the police as hotbeds of something or other. Well, Bumpus's Gymnasium, at any rate, is not among his hotbeds. He distinctly told me that he had it in his coach-house and stable-yard. We are safe against the Powers of Darkness so far, if they are as hostile to hotbeds in England as in Germany. Jahn was "thrown into prison," but being a gymnast, no doubt he came down upon his legs. He was let out in eighteen twenty-five, and lived, my book tells me, to see Gymnasiums introduced into the schools by royal decree in fourteen forty-two, and "societies of young men flourishing all over Germany." No doubt of it. The way the young men of this generation do go flourishing about in society all over England, too, is dreadful to us elders. Happily, there is no son of mine among them. From Germany Gymnastics spread to Denmark; thence to Sweden, where P. H. Ling developed a peculiar system, and especially drew men's attention to the treating of diseases by gymnastic exercise. Into France these Gymnasiums were first introduced by Colonel F. Amoros. In England, rowing, cricket, foot-ball, and other out-door exercises of the body have long been popular; but the German system of gymnastic training has been only lately introduced by Athletic and Gymnastic Societies, which are now prospering and multiplying in our cities. For their use especially, but also for schools and private students, here (in Bumpus's book) was a treatise with the exercises and positions of the body, on the German system, classified and explained by diagrams and sketches, and so forth, and so forth.

After reading as much as I could, it struck me that it would be a good thing to go over the next day, at ten A. M., to Bumpus's stable, and take a turn upon the Rack; for after all, the Rack is only a horizontal bar to grasp at and hang from; and although "hanging by the hocks" is one part of the exercise described, I don't admit that I have got hocks, and if I had, I am not bound to hang myself by them or in any other way.

I went into Bumpus's stable at the stated hour next morning; entered suddenly, and the first thing I got was a tremendous box on the ear from my friend's foot. He was legs up, and astraddle, head down, balanced on the point of a revolving pyramid, and going round like a great bone teetotum. In a moment he flew off his peg, and came round on his feet with a somersault to beg my pardon, and regret that he hadn't eyes in his boots.

"It's a mercy," says I, "that you've left eyes in my head."

"Now," says he, "what'll you have? Take a Turnover. Here's my Director of Exercises, the Herr Gymnast Umgedreht, at your service and mine. What'll you take? A Free Exercise for one, or some light little combined exercise for two. Carrying Exercise, if you like—provided you'll carry me."

"Von shingle exercise, dear sir," says Herr Umgedreht. "Dis shentlemans will take one balancing position so, mid dis leg up so, stand on von leg so. Now on von leg, tiptoe—stand! Vore good; balance mid arms, before falling into fundamental position—ah! you are down on your broad back. Good. Stand not up. Here is von goat exercise to lie on back and rise widout using

de hands. You cannot. Well, dan, see how I get you up. I stride over your neck, I grasp your legs. Now grasp you my legs. Now wheel so. You are heavy, but I am strong. Wheel, u—u—ugh, round you go, and now I have you on my shoulder. Do I totter? No. You shall stand upon my head and wobble, and I will so balance that you shall not be able to tumble. Or this you shall do to me. See."

The fellow hooked one of his feet in my neck, stuck the other against my knee, and threw himself out aloft in the air at right angles to my body. Then down he came on his legs again, and begged that I would do the same by him. Before I could answer him, he was hoisting me over his shoulders, preparatory to spinning me like a teetotum, heels upward.

"Put me down," I roared. Down I was in an instant, and Meinherr was again flying over my head, to alight, grinning like a monkey, on the back of the wooden machine they call a Vaulting Horse. What appeared to me was, that this maniac seized upon me as if I were a new gymnastic property, to be lifted and jumped about. In half a minute he had got me in the air, seated on both his hands, and had hurled me—well, I am happy to say that he hurled me upon the toes of Bumpus, who had just come down from the Rack, and was laughing demoniacally as he danced up and down before me. "Enough," I remarked, by way of apology to him. "If ever you catch me taking a turn over to your stable again, you and that fellow may play shuttlecock with me for the rest of your existence."

I went home and have set down what you see here. There's only one conclusion I could come to, which is to have no more of this nonsense. The thing is overdue. Bumpus overdoes it. Boating, cricketing, and hunting men overdo it. Young fellows at college overdo it, and some of them get injured for life. I won't do it again.

## THE THREE BROTHERS.

A WITCH in the shape of a large hawk was always breaking the panes in the windows of a village church. In the same village lived three brothers who resolved to kill the mischievous bird. In vain did the two elder brothers keep watch with their guns. Just before the bird flew through, sleep closed their eyes, and they never woke till the window glass in God's house was clattering on the ground.

The youngest took his stand, and in order to guard against sleep, he stuck thorns under his chin, so that if he began to nod, they might prick him and keep him awake.

The moon rose, and all was as bright as day. On a sudden he heard a great fluttering. The witch spied him, and threw the sleep-charm over him.

His eyelids closed, but as his head fell on his shoulder the thorns drew blood, and he awoke. He caught the hawk flying round the church, took aim, fired, and the bird fell under a large stone. Its right wing was broken. The boy ran over, and saw that under this stone there was a large cavity. He called his brothers, and they provided a long rope and lighted pine wood. They descended, but at first saw nothing round them but damp and dark sides. When they came to the floor, the two elder brothers staid there, but the youngest went down another shaft and came to an open space where trees grew, flowers bloomed, and a delightful light shone round.

In the middle of this underground garden stood a strong castle, and its iron door was wide open. The youth entered, and found everything made of bright copper. A beautiful young woman was sitting and combing her golden locks, and as a single hair fell on the floor, it clanged as if it was made of metal. Her skin was smooth and white, her eyes sparkling, and her hair like gold. The youth went on his knee to her, and asked her to be his wife.

She received his offer with pleasure, but told him she could never go up to upper air till her mother was dead, and she could be killed only by a great sword which hung in the castle, and which could not be drawn from its sheath or lifted by the strongest man.

He went into the next room, and there was sitting the sister of his bride. Everything around was silver; the lady was combing her locks, and every hair that fell on the floor sounded like a string of castles. She showed him the sword, but it was so heavy he could not raise it. Then came in the third sister, and she brought drops with her which make men strong. After the first drop he tried but could not raise it; after drinking the second, he was able to stir it; after the third he lifted it and waved it to and fro.

He waited in the castle till it was dark, and then he saw the hawk drop down into an apple tree, and throw some of the golden apples on the ground. She then alighted and became a woman, and this is what the boy was waiting for. He waved the sword in the air, down came her head on the ground, and the blood spouted on the castle walls.

He then packed all the treasures in the castle into boxes, and gave his brothers above a signal. They first hauled up the treasures, then the young woman, and last he was to be pulled up himself. But he mistrusted his brothers, and fastened a big stone to the end of the rope. It was only half up when the rope was let go, and down it came and was broken in pieces on the rocky floor.

"So would my bones lie," said he, "if I had trusted my brothers;" and he began bitterly to lament, not for the riches but for the bride with the swan-white skin and the golden hair.

And long he wandered about in the underground country, and sorrowed, till at last he met an enchanter, who asked him why he grieved, and to him he told his story.

"Have courage," said the magician. "If you protect my children who are hidden in the golden apple tree near the castle, I will bring you to the earth's surface. Another magician lives in this country, a d-e-eats my children when he can find them. In vain have I hidden them in caves, in vain have I hidden them in strong castles. Now I have concealed them in the boughs of the golden apple tree. He will come at midnight to seize them. Be there at that hour and rescue them."

The youth climbed the apple tree, picked some of the nice fruit, and made his supper on them. At midnight the wind ceased, and under the tree the boy heard a dull sound. He looked down and saw a long bulky snake beginning to climb. He went round and round the stem, he crept higher and higher, and at last put in his frightful head between the boughs, seeking for the children's hiding-places. These trembled with terror, and strove to hide themselves behind the leaves. But the boy drew his sword of power, and with one blow cut off the reptile's head. The body he hucked in small pieces and scattered to the four winds of heaven.

The overjoyed father of the children took the rescuer of his children pick-a-back (huckleback), and soon placed him in the centre of his village.

Oh, how eagerly he flew to the white house of his brothers! He ran into the living room, but no one knew who he was. But his own true love, who was obliged to cook for her sisters, knew him at once, and threw her arms round him.

His brothers, who had told every one that he was dead, ran away to the woods in great terror. But he searched them out, and divided his treasures with them. He built a great castle with golden windows, and there he lived long and happy with his golden-haired princesses.



THE IMPEACHMENT FEVER.



THE "GREAT IMPEACHABLE" PRESENTS GEN. "AD INTERIM" WITH THE WRIT OF EJECTMENT.



GEN. "AD INTERIM" PRESENTS THE ORDER, BUT THE GIANTIC BARNACLE DOESN'T SEE IT.



OVERWHELMING EFFECT OF THE NEWS IN CONGRESS.



MIDNIGHT—"WHAT'S THAT?"—THE BARNACLE THINKS HE HEARS A DRUM.



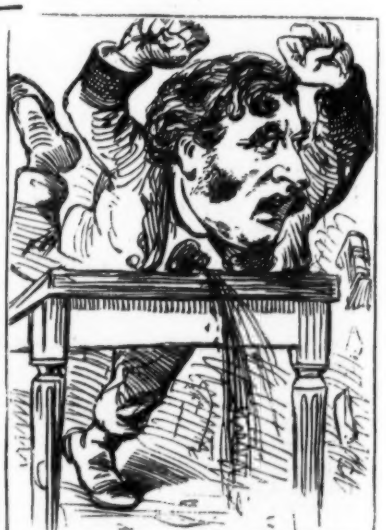
THE PRESIDENT MUST BE IMPEACHED.



WILL HE BE IMPEACHED, OR—?



IF SO BE AS THEY IMPEACH HIM WHY, THEN, SO BE HE IS IMPEACHED, BUT, IF SO BE—WHY, ETC.



WHO-WHO-WOULD HURL THIS TYRANT FROM HIS THRONE?



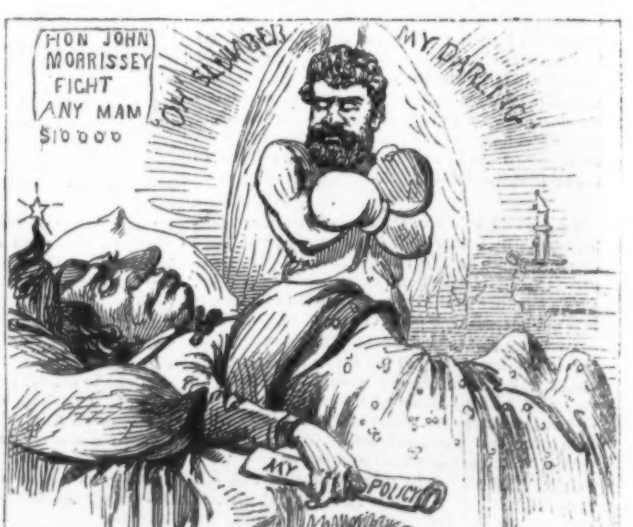
BEN WOULD.



DEPLORINGLY, FERNANDO WOULDN'T.



HE IS IMPEACHED.



"ALL QUIET ON THE POLOMAC."



HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.



A MEXICAN MURDER.



JOE DODGE, ALIAS JIM RILEY, THE DIAMOND ROBBER, AT CLEVELAND, OHIO. RICHARD BUCKLEY, ACCOMPLICE OF RILEY, THE DIAMOND ROBBER, AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.



WAS IT SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION?



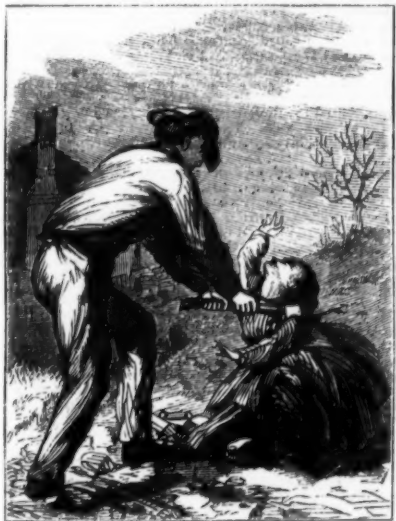
BRUTAL ASSAULT BY AN OFFICER.



SERGEANT BATES ENTERING MONTGOMERY, ALA., WITH THE U. S. FLAG, ON HIS WAY FROM VICKSBURG TO WASHINGTON.



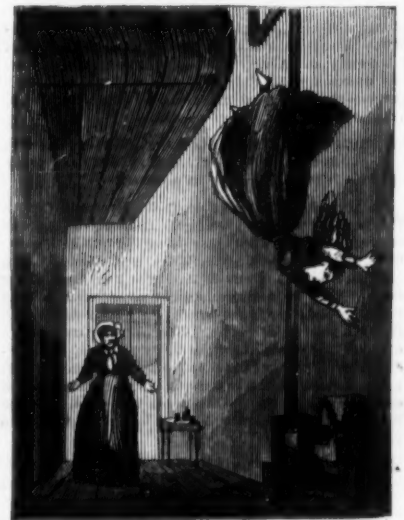
DEATH FROM A POISONED ARROW.



CHOPPED IN TWO.



RUINS OF JOHN G. WHITE & SON'S MALT HOUSE, ALBANY, N. Y., DESTROYED BY FIRE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RAWSON, OF ALBANY.



AN INMATE OF THE TOMBS, NEW YORK, ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.



DUCKING A CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICER.



DEATH FROM EXPOSURE.



A HORRIBLE FATE.



TRAGEDY IN THE MAINE LUNATIC ASYLUM.



## HOME INCIDENTS, &amp;c.

## Death from a Poisoned Arrow.

A bright-eyed and intelligent lad lost his life on the 9th ult. in a most remarkable manner. While practicing with a bow and arrow, in company with a schoolmate, near Montgomery, Ala., he discovered a huge snake, and killed it with an arrow. Shortly afterward, he placed himself behind a tree, and exposing one of his hands, urged his companion to give a trial of his skill. The boy picked up the arrow with which the snake was killed, and fitting it to his bow, pulled the string and shot the "target," the arrow-head inflicting a slight wound in the centre of the exposed hand. In a few hours the hand and arm of the lad began to swell, and placed the poor fellow in the most intense agony—in which condition he remained until the following day, when death relieved him of his sufferings.

## Death from Exposure.

About a week ago, and upon a bitterly cold night, a young married lady residing in Providence, R. I., who had been prostrated several days with a nervous fever, escaped from her house in a fit of delirium, and wandered away with nothing on her person except a thin night dress, and her stockings. She returned in about half an hour, almost frozen to death, and in quite an insane condition, and told her husband she had been down to the wharf to see if the railroad and telegraph wires were all right. The poor woman died on the evening following, remaining delirious to the last moment.

## Was it Spontaneous Combustion?

James Smellie, a Scotch gentleman, aged 20 years, and occupying rooms at the Tremont House, came to his death in a mysterious manner about 4 o'clock on the morning of the 21st ult., at the residence of Mr. C. Thompson, No. 83 Third avenue. It is known that for several weeks prior to his decease Smellie had been drinking to excess, and had suffered from mild attacks of delirium tremens. It is supposed that the unfortunate man got up in the night to smoke, and while lighting his pipe, set fire to his clothing, and was too much stupefied with liquor to extinguish the flames. He, however, aroused one of the inmates of the house, who, instantly answering the summons, found the Scotchman writhing with agony; the upper portion of his body being enveloped in flames, and the flesh about his waist scorched in a frightful manner. Medical assistance was procured, but the man died after suffering an intense agony for more than six hours. Smellie is said to have been a man of means, and was to have departed on the day following for a trip to Paris. It has been suggested that this was a case of spontaneous combustion.

## Joe Dodge and Richard Buckley, the Diamond Robbers of Cleveland, Ohio.

We give the portraits of these lively and interesting rascals, in order that the public may be able to "spot" them should they attempt their pranks hereafter. Joe Dodge, alias Jim Riley, is the individual who, a few weeks ago, entered the jewelry store of Messrs. Hogan & Wade, at the corner of Superior and Seneca streets, in Cleveland, Ohio, and made off with a tray containing fifty-six diamond rings, in value exceeding ten thousand dollars. Mr. Hogan, one of the proprietors, gave chase, but the thief would have escaped with his plunder to the buggy at the corner, where his confederate, Buckley, was waiting him, had he not been intercepted by Mr. B. W. Warner, who was passing up the street, and who at once understanding the situation, flung his arms around the robber and held him fast. Joe attempted to throw the tray with the diamonds into the buggy, but missed the distance, and the precious stones fell to the sidewalk and scattered in every direction. He was arrested and locked up, but his accomplice escaped. A very interesting scene ensued when the search for the diamonds was commenced. With the exception of a few small stones of little comparative value, the entire lot was recovered.

## Sergeant Bates Entering Montgomery, Ala., with the U. S. Flag on his way from Vicksburg to Washington.

On the 14th of December, 1867, Sergeant Gilbert H. Bates, a returned soldier, made an agreement to walk from Vicksburg to Washington, and carry with him a large United States flag. On the 17th of February he reached Montgomery, Ala., where he was met by a large number of citizens, a long procession of carriages handsomely decorated with flags, and a band of music. Wherever he stopped the old flag was most enthusiastically cheered, handkerchiefs were waved by beautiful ladies from the windows and balconies, and fully three thousand persons turned out to give him an old-fashioned reception. During his stay he was quartered in the leading hotel, at the expense of the city.

## The Great Fire in Albany, N. Y.—Destruction of White &amp; Son's Mammoth Malt House.

The greatest conflagration that has ever visited Albany occurred in that city on Sunday, 23d of February last, involving the total destruction of the mammoth malt house of John G. White & Son, on Hudson street, together with all its contents—upward of seventy thousand bushels of malt and barley. The loss is estimated at \$230,000, on which was an insurance of \$81,000. Our engraving is a correct representation of the ruins after the fire.

## An Inmate of the Tombs Attempts Suicide.

A Spanish lady of unusual personal attractions, named Lena Gonzalez, who had been incarcerated in the Tombs (City Prison), on a charge of larceny, attempted to commit suicide on the evening of the 19th ult., by jumping from the iron railing which runs along the outside edge of the second gallery in the female department. It was at an hour when the prisoners were allowed the freedom of the corridors previous to their being locked up for the night, and, as if to insure the success of her desperate freak, the lady chose a position from which in her fall she would strike the heavy iron stove on the stone floor of the prison. On being removed to an adjoining room her injuries were examined, and found to be of a serious character. She had been in the habit of using morphine, but during the few days of her confinement she was unable to obtain that article, and it is supposed that the consequent reaction brought on a fit of temporary insanity.

## A Horrible Fate.

On the 13th of February, Frederick W. Eberling, who was employed as assistant engineer at Gramercy Hotel, was directed to thaw a certain gas-pipe by wrapping it in blankets which had previously been soaked in hot water. Instead of doing this he soaked the blankets in alcohol, and ignited them. The flames immediately set his wearing apparel on fire, besides com-

municating to the bath containing the alcohol. In his excitement the man jumped into a stationary tub, for the purpose of extinguishing the fire on his person with cold water, but unfortunately he turned on a powerful stream of scalding water. His body had become shockingly burned by the fire, but when the poor fellow was rescued from his pit of torture, his agony was beyond expression. He died of his injuries on the Sunday following the unfortunate occurrence.

## A Mexican Murder.

The dead body of a Mexican was recently found in the vicinity of Brownsville, Texas, in an upright position, and lashed to a tree. The heart of the unfortunate man had been stolen, and ghastly wounds had been inflicted in the breast, stomach and head. One eye was cut from its socket, and a portion of the nose removed. The only solution that could be given to the fiendish outrage was that the man had been captured by some of the bushwhackers, who kept that locality in a state of wild excitement, and slowly tortured to death. No traces of the villains have been discovered.

## Chopped in Two.

A little girl, fourteen years old, was gathering chips in Mr. Valin's wood-yard, in Quebec, Canada, on the 26th of February last. One of the laborers was chopping wood at the time, and the girl thoughtlessly darted forward to pick up a block of wood from under the descending ax. With full swing the ax fell upon her shoulder and claved it asunder. She was immediately taken home and medical assistance procured, but the case was pronounced hopeless.

## Tragedy in the Maine Lunatic Asylum.

At the Insane Asylum, in Augusta, Maine, on the 23d of February last, two lunatics, Miss Catharine Henley and Mrs. Mary A. Peaslee, were left alone in one of the rooms. Shortly afterward one of the attendants entered and discovered the two maniacs engaged in a desperate struggle. Miss Henley's hands were in Mrs. Peaslee's hair, and she was beating her head against the floor. The poor woman's face was terribly mangled, and she was lifeless before she could be extricated from the grasp of her assailant.

## Brutal Assault by an Officer.

While we are always willing to commend the members of our police force for acts of special bravery, and evidence of conscientious vigilance in the discharge of their multifarious duties, we cannot for a moment regard them as a class of infallible beings. On the 21st ult. Mrs. Mary Hart made complaint against Officer Garretson, of the Fourth Precinct, for an unwarranted and brutal assault upon her. While waiting at the corner of Madison and Roosevelt streets for her husband, who is a cripple, she was accosted by the officer, who ordered her to move on. She gave her reasons for standing still, but they did not prove satisfactory, and Garretson attempted to force her from her position. In the meantime her husband came up, and learning the conduct of the officer, demanded his number, for the purpose of reporting him. The policeman thereupon made an attack upon her husband, knocked him down and clubbed him roughly. Mrs. Hart interfered to save her husband from further maltreatment, when Garretson beat her about the head and face with his club, until she was almost reduced to insensibility, and then dragged her off to the station-house in Oak street. The officer was promptly placed under arrest, and will be brought before the Police Board for trial.

## Ducking a Custom Officer.

Considerable indignation was occasioned about a week ago in the vicinity of Lisbon, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., by the receipt of information implicating some unknown men in a dastardly outrage which had been perpetrated upon an officer of the customs while in the discharge of his duties. It appears that the officer detected a party of men in a small row-boat endeavoring to effect a landing, and on proceeding to examine the boat to ascertain if it contained anything contraband, he was seized by the men, and hurried into the water with a vengeance. Escaping to the shore, he brought his revolvers into service, but owing to his impromptu bath, they remained useless. The assailants again attacked the official, subjected him to a second ducking, and quickly embarking, were out of sight before he gained the shore.

## KISSING.

If there be anything of which the human race is fond, it is kissing. No doubt our lady readers will be shocked, and toss their pretty heads disdainfully, at this assertion; but we maintain it, nevertheless, and whatever they may say to others, to themselves they will be compelled to confess its truth. We do not mean that they like to kiss everybody, only some particularly lucky—or unlucky—fellow. Philosophers and learned men may talk about the attractions of gravitation and cohesion, but there is no attraction in nature as powerful and irresistible as that which lies in a pair of ripe, rosy lips. In all ages it has been potent to draw the strongest man from his duty or his prejudices. Even philosophers, with all their boasted coolness, have been powerless to resist the force of this strange attraction, which even the most abstruse science cannot account for.

Who invented kissing is not known; but we shrewdly suspect that if Mother Eve was half so fair as Mr. John Milton has painted her, it must have been the first thing Father Adam did, when he woke to find so lovely a creature by him. Certainly, if he was able to resist the attraction, he must have been a very icicle. The Hebrews had a decided weakness for the institution; and if we may judge from the Songs of Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived was not proof against it. The old Greeks, who were as cold as their faultless marble, seem to have had no knowledge of the attraction, for their poets, until the days of Theocritus, say nothing about it. Theocritus was a traveled man, and had seen the Egyptian women, and kissed them too, we suppose, but for all that, he was exceedingly moderate in his doings, for he tells us of his sweetheart—

"I should have been contented  
With a kiss of your sweet mouth."

We rather think we should have been very discontented with such a small allowance.

The Romans were a long time in learning the art. At first they used it very formally. Virgil makes Jupiter kiss Venus, to encourage her—a lesson, by the way, upon which Madame Venus improved in an amazingly short time. Even Horace, who was "a broth of a boy," and who was much of a lady's man, says nothing about kissing, if we remember right. But Catullus, though a predecessor of Horace, was a wiser man, and a fellow after our own heart. Hear what he says to his sweetheart, when she asks him how many kisses he wants:

"Do you ask, Lesbia, how many kisses of thine can be enough? As many as are the sands of the African desert, or as many as the stars that behold the secret loves of mortals when the night is still."

That was a sensible fellow, and very naturally he was popular with the ladies in his day.

At present one must be very proper in the practice of the art. If he be wise, he will never try to kiss a girl against her will, nor to make much fuss in doing so. A quiet, easy, gentlemanly way of going about it, is almost sure to win; and many a bright-eyed Jemure

lass, who wouldn't for the world be kissed in the presence of a third party, will not have the heart to say "no" to a good-looking fellow, "when there's nobody near to see." A wise man will also limit the number of those he tries to kiss, for promiscuous kissing is worse than none at all—isn't it, lad? How to go about the business is something that each one must decide for himself. A sensible fellow, who is not a puppy, will rarely fail to perceive the right moment; and if he behaves himself, he will almost always find his fair one ready to supply the deficiencies of his education in this respect, for the art comes naturally to women.

## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A RAPTUROUS poet thus describes the manner of obtaining a kiss:

"First, grasp with haste around the waist, and hug her tight to thee; and then she'll say, 'Do go away, do—won't you let me be?' Then, oh what bliss! but never miss so good a chance as that; then make a dash, as quick as flash, and—Harriet, hold my hat!"

"Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young fellow to a brisk brunette; "just give me your hand, if you please."

"Laf Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go ask pa."

A MEMBER of a fashionable church in New York electrified a music-seller some time since by inquiring for "Solomon's Song," saying his minister had spoken of it as a production of great genius and beauty, and that he wanted his daughter to sing it.

A VERY considerate tavern-keeper, advertising his "Burton XXXX," concludes the advertisement:

"N. B. Parties drinking more than four glasses of this potent beverage at one sitting carefully sent home gratis in a wheel-barrow, if required."

Why is a schoolmaster like an engine-driver? One trains the mind, and the other minds the train.

A COUNTRY GIRL, coming from the field, being told by her poetic cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew, said:

"Well, it wasn't any fellow by that name, but it was Steve Jones that kissed me. I told him that every one in Iowa would find it out."

An Irish counselor having lost his cause, which had been tried before three judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, though the other two were but indifferent, some of the other barristers were merry on the occasion.

"Well, now," said he, "who could help it, when there were a hundred judges on the bench?"

"A hundred!" said a stander-by; "there were but three."

"By Saint Patrick," replied he, "there were one and two ciphers!"

A GENTLEMAN of great wealth received from his nephew, who was his reputed heir, a splendid pheasant, to enjoy which he invited his friends to partake. The dinner was gay, but at the dessert one of the guests remarked that he had not tasted of this dainty bird.

"Ah!" said the host, "to tell you the truth, I was fearful that it might be poisoned, coming from my heir."

A PARSON once prefaced his sermon with: "My friends, let us say a few words before we begin."

This is about equal to the man who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

An Irish editor in speaking of the miseries of Ireland, says:

"Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and is not yet full."

THE attachment of some ladies to their lap-dogs amounts, in some instances, to infatuation. We have heard of a lapdog biting a piece out of a male visitor's leg. His mistress thus expressed her compassion:

"Poor little dear creature; I hope it will not make him sick."

A CLERGYMAN said in a recent sermon that the path of rectitude had been traveled so little of late years that it had been completely run to grass.

WHEN Sir Walter Scott was extending his garden at Abbotsford, an old servant was getting exasperated by digging some stony ground. Sir Walter saw that the old man's feelings were rather ruffled, and said to him:

"That's a grand soil you're working on the day."

"Grand soil!" exclaimed the gardener, sarcastically, "I think it's the riddings of the creation."

WHEN an Irish priest rebuked his parishioner for drunkenness, he told him that "whenever he entered an ale-house to drink, his guardian angel stood weeping at the door."

"And if he had sixpence he'd be in himself," was Pat's reply.

We are assured that the reason why no cathedral is considered complete without a couple of dozen choristers, in white surplices, is that there must always be twenty-four sheets in a quire, or place where they sing.

THE ladies of the congregation of a learned doctor, in the West, lately determined to present him with a pulpit-gown. The doctor, on the Sunday after it was presented, intimated to the people of the church:

"The ladies have been kind enough to present me with a pulpit-gown; but lest any member should object to my wearing it, I shan't put it on yet, and will hear objections on Thursday night."

Nobody came to object but an old lady. The doctor said:

"Well, Janet, what objections have you to the pulpit-gown?"

"Well, sir," said Janet, "we never read of the Apostle Paul wearing a gown."

"You are quite right, Janet," said the doctor; "but your objections are quite unreasonable, for we never heard of St. Paul wearing breeches either, ma'am."

An exchange speaks of "a child born with one arm under peculiar circumstances," but neglects to say what the other arm was under.

A YANKEE, having told an Englishman that he shot, on one particular occasion, 99 snipe, his interlocutor asked him why he didn't make it a thousand at once.

"No," said he; "not likely I'm going to tell a lie for one snipe."

Whereupon the Englishman, determined not to be outdone, began to tell a long story of a man having swam from Liverpool to Boston.

"Did you see him?" asked the Yankee, suddenly;

"did you see him yourself?"

"Why, yes, of course I did; I was coming across, and our vessel passed him a mile out of Boston harbor."

"Well, I'm glad you saw him, stranger, 'cos yer a witness that I did it. That was me!"

A BACHELOR friend is about getting married for no other reason than to have some one to take care of him when he is ill. The treatment he received at a fashionable boarding-house, the last time he had the ague, has cured him not only of single life, but single bedsteads and mattresses. He ordered, he says, the servants to bring him some grub on Monday morning, but which he never got till Wednesday afternoon.

During his confinement not a single soul visited him save the young gentleman who cleared the knives; he came not for the purpose of consolation, but to inform him that "Missus would be much obliged if the gentleman would do his shaking on a chair, so as not to get the bedsteads apart."

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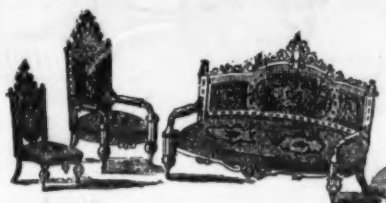
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